CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY
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Spring and Easter Number

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 8 · No. 14 | CARMEL, CALIFORNIA · APRIL 8, 1938 | 5 CENTS

SAYS THE EDITOR

HERE'S NEW SUBJECT IN OUR MIDST—DOG QUARANTINE

Just a few more words on a subject that has been arousing such unpleasant reactions on the part of Carmel people for the past month and more—the dog quarantine.

There were placed in our hands this past week clippings from Pasadena and San Jose newspapers in relation to the matter of rabies and dog quarantines. The headline in the San Jose paper read: "County Rabies Outbreak Still Held Serious" and the sub-head: "Two Get Pasteur Treatment; 9 Dogs Found Rabid in Month."

The news story went on to say: "Santa Clara county's five-months-old rabies outbreak is still a very serious matter, city and county health authorities revealed yesterday (March 28) . . . Dog owners are warned to keep their pets off streets and roads."

So what? We here in Carmel have a particular aversion to "city and county health authorities" in this quarantine matter, and a most particular aversion to their opinions about it.

Let us then turn to someone we can rely on as having a heart instead of a bloodless mind. Let us turn to a real, honest-to-God dog lover. Let us turn, therefore, to the Pasadena paper in which we find this:

"The loss of one child by rabies is far greater than the loss of all the 30,000,000 dogs in America," stated Frank F. Davis, dog lover, judge at dog shows and chairman of Altadena's anti-rabies committee which originally agitated for the county rabies quarantine, which has just been extended to Los Angeles.

"The only way rabies can be stamped out is not allow your dog to contact other dogs," he emphasized. "Rabies can be transmitted only by a bite."

Greatest menace is stray dogs, he added, those animals which are allowed to roam and fight with other strays.

"Dogs don't require much room for healthful exercise. Show dogs have runways less than a dozen feet long and six feet wide," he said. "And show dogs must be in the best of health."

Mr. Davis said that the leash is the only solution to the rabies problem. He added that no one-shot inoculation can prevent an animal's getting the disease.

"No one likes dogs better than I do," he said, "but it's a question of eliminating rabies or doing away with the dogs."

O. K., Buddy, now let's go down on the beach and cool off.

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SPEAKING OF DOGS NOW ABOUT S.F. CHRONICLE?

Speaking of dogs, the lowest, meanest mongrel in town is a better man Gunga Din. than the human being who sent a certain so-called news story to the San Francisco Chronicle last Thursday and

(Continued on Page Two)

CARMEL ART INSTITUTE IS FORMED

Kit Whitman has started something.

As Kit says herself, it isn't exactly a new idea; in fact, she remarks: "I realize that perhaps it is Carmel's oldest idea."

But we here write to tell you that new or old, it's a swell idea, and we would further remark that, having known Kitty for many more years than she appears in age, it should go over big with her running it.

It's a Carmel Art Institute. In fact, that's to be its official name—Carmel Art Institute.

And it has gotten off to a good start. It has acquired through Kitty's persuasive and convincing faculties, the unqualified O.K. of the artists of the Peninsula, and it has further already acquired its first class of Students.

The Carmel Art Institute comes into being to provide students in arts and crafts with an opportunity, here in Carmel, of furthering their study in arts and crafts. Those interested in life drawing, watercolor painting, portrait painting, sculpture, etching, modelling, wood-carving, or any other of the arts and crafts will be provided by the Carmel Art Institute with competent, and, in some cases, nationally-famed artists as class instructors.

To start the thing off right Mrs. Whitman has received sufficient applications immediately to start a life class under Armin Hansen which

(Continued on Page 15)

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Business Group Meets Tonight

What's what on the Carmel attitude toward the removal of the capital; that is, the business attitude; what will the city do to protect the dress shops, and what about an appropriation this year for the Bach Festival.

These are a trio of things the Carmel Business Association will take up and look at tonight at its regular dinner meeting at Pine Inn.

It's at 7 o'clock and you can go and dine with the men and women who watch the cash registers avidly, if you want to. They're quite a decent bunch—in Carmel.

SAIDEE NAMES PETER MAWDSLEY DEPUTY IN CITY CLERK'S OFFICE

THE CYMBAL URGES ELECTION OF BECHDOLT, CAMPBELL AND HERON TO THE CITY COUNCIL

With the spirit of utmost fairness and honesty toward each and every one of the six candidates for the council, and moved by an honest and sincere effort to make our voice a contributing influence in the furtherance of Carmel's welfare, THE CYMBAL frankly and unqualifiedly urges the citizens of this city to send Frederick R. Bechdolt, Gordon Campbell and Herbert Heron into the next council.

We have no axe to grind, no grievance to satisfy, no vengeance to wreak in this support of the candidacy of these three men. We believe them eminently fitted for the three positions on the city council to be vacant on April 18.

We believe that they will honestly, fairly and, above all, with a clear consciousness of their community and personal responsibility, serve the interests of Carmel.

We know that we MUST have a new city council. We know, and you know, that the present one has failed pitifully to live up to the confidence we placed in its members. We know, and you know, that it has wildly and recklessly spent municipal funds until today the city, as a government organization, is on the verge of bankruptcy and must, before the year is out, unless something unforeseen occurs, appeal to the banks for loans to meet absolutely necessary expenditures.

We know, and you know, that this reckless spending has been done in cold-blooded, sneering defiance of the very tenets of business stability and good sense that mark the private lives of the city officials who have carried it on.

We know, and you know, that one of the present candidates for office, seeking to go back to the seat he now occupies, has been in a very large measure responsible for this continuous maladministration of municipal affairs.

We know, and you know, that Bernard Rowntree has continually, either through his positive actions or his silent support of the dictates of Everett Smith, acted in the expenditure of public funds in a manner diametrically opposed to the principles he pursues in the conduct of his own business.

We know, and so do you, that he was responsible for the not-too-recent upheaval in the fire department which all but demoralized its personnel, both officers and men. And that end is not yet.

We know, and you must be cognizant of the fact, that he personally is responsible for the monthly drain on the city treasury by a department of the city government that has all but ceased to function; has, in fact, been almost entirely without civic duties to perform for nearly half a year. It was Bernard Rowntree who engineered, and doggedly put through the council, the full-time appointment of a building inspector, a position which did not then, and does not now, require the full time of any man.

Bernard Rowntree, probably more than any other member of the present city council, is responsible for the present chaotic condition of the economic affairs of the municipal government.

He it has been who has contributed the most toward making the present city council one of the most unsatisfactory the city has had in its history.

We must not permit this city council to remain in office. We must not permit the present state of affairs to continue at the city hall.

We must have a NEW city council. We must have a new controlling

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

BUT SHE WILL NOT TAKE THE VACATION SHE MUCH NEEDS

Peter Mawdsley goes on the city payroll at $150 a month as deputy city clerk and ex-officio tax assessor. That is, he does for the temporary period of two months.

In a brief and much-to-the-point communication, which she read to the city council Wednesday night, Saidee Van Brower, city clerk, stressed the need of assistance, and the sort of assistance only Peter can give her.

At the same time, following her reading of the announcement that she had appointed Mawdsley and asked for confirmation of the ap-

(Continued on Page Seventeen)

WAS IT YOU? Number 17

O, for the merry, merry springtime! Bobbing up and down in red shoes, just too merry for holding yourself down any longer, was the way we found you in Ewig's . . . simply bubbling over at buying Rinso and Ivory soap. Spring bath? As far as we could tell, besides the shoes, you wore only a yellow knee-length coat tied around the middle with a yellow rope. And black glasses. Who in Carmel are you? We followed you out, skipping and bouncing (you not us) and up Ocean avenue you went, arm-waving to people . . . and aha . . . the glasses are off! And you are leaning, head-in, at Anna Katz' but all we can see is the bare legs and yellow rotundity. But now it's straightened out ond going on up the street. We're right behind. You stop ond look at cut-rate rabbits in red pants. So do we. Where have we seen you before? We tail you to the Post Office and catch Tilly with her arms around you. But out again and toward the sea you go and we're off, too. Vance goes by and hollers, "Is Spring here?" and you say, "Oh yes," very loud so that Bernard Rowntree comes right up and offers you a cigar. With that we passed out.

If you were this person, bring this paper into the CYMBAL office and we will give you a shiny new dollar or whatever we have in the dollar line.

Vote Tuesday So You Can Make Yourself Partly Responsible for Carmel's Government

which the *Chronicle* printed on its first page with that certain amount of glee and bad journalism of which San Francisco papers are continually guilty as far as Carmel is concerned.

The story declared that Perry Newberry had addressed a meeting of 400 persons in the Sunset Auditorium and had said: "We don't want the state legislators dumped on our door. They're riff-raff." It went on to inform its readers that Perry not only had said this, but that the 400 persons present agreed with him and that therefore Carmel as a whole agreed with him.

The story was all right except that it wasn't true in any degree whatsoever. In the first place Perry Newberry didn't mention the word "legislators"; he didn't mention the word "riff-raff." In the second place the "400 persons" present did not agree with what he did say, as clearly evidenced by the comparative applause given him and other speakers. In the third place there were not 400 persons present.

Outside of that, the story was O. K. The name of this place *is* Carmel, Newberry's first name *is* Perry, and there *was* a meeting on the capital-removal proposal.

The story, as printed, was damaging to the cause of S. F. B. Morse, principal proponent of the capital-removal plan. It is, in a manner, ironically damaging to him. You might say that some of Mr. Morse's own and inadvertently-hatched chickens have come home to roost. Carmel has been made to appear ridiculous in the columns of San Francisco newspapers repeatedly, over a number of years. And some of these stories can be, have been, nicely and definitely traced to Mr. Morse's own bailiwick over there in Del Monte. This latest "news story" perpetrator merely took a leaf out of one of Mr. Morse's vicarious books.

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MR. MORSE SHOULD GET OUR VIEWPOINT A BIT BETTER ON THIS CAPITAL REMOVAL

And now, speaking of Mr. Morse (isn't it wonderful the transitionary genius in this editorial column?) he made a good and convincing talk in Carmel last week for his capital business. We couldn't have made a much better one our very selves. We would probably have said about what Mr. Morse said and then, along toward the end, added "but after all—"

And our "after all" would have told the S. F. B. Morses and the Allen Griffins and the Ethel Youngs, who get themselves locked up tightly and securely in Pebble Beach every night, that we have a word to say on our own hook over here in Carmel.

As far as THE CYMBAL is concerned, we don't take the stand with our editorial contemporary over on Dolores street that we should openly and belligerently fight Monterey's efforts to get the capital moved down from Sacramento. We can't say "No!" with Perry Newberry, because we believe that we have no right to make any deliberate attempt to frustrate the aspirations, the normal and natural aspirations, of the old city across the hill. Removal of the capital means money for Monterey. It means gold for property owners and merchants in Monterey. But we are inclined to agree somewhat with Perry that it may mean something else to us besides money for our property owners and merchants, something else that we have been striving against ever since this town was conceived and begot. As Perry Newberry actually did say at the Sunset meeting, we don't like crowds; we of the Old Carmel don't like crowds. Perry believes we can stop crowds. We on THE CYMBAL know that we can't.

But it is only fair to us to get over to Mr. Morse what he doesn't seem to understand: why we don't like crowds.

It is all very well for the Morses and the Griffins and the Youngs, locked up securely at night over there in Pebble Beach, but we live on 50-foot streets here in Carmel, and we live in houses that are not more than 40 feet apart in most instances, and the stilly night is vexed sometimes with drunkenness and revelry, and men shout and girls scream and the nocturnal welkin rings.

Of course, we must smile with pleasure with Mr. Ewig at increasing visitors over the week-end, and the consequent singing of his cash register, but you over there in Pebble Beach can smile at it during the day and not swear at the memory of it during the night when Mr. Ewig's transient customers, or Kip's, or Decker's or Nielsen's screech down our streets and dump beer cans in our gardens.

Of course, we suppose we have to take it, take the cash for property sales and let the coveted comfort and joy of living go, but you can't blame us for not doing it with a better grace.

—W. K. B.

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Herbert Heron Reads Browning

Herbert Heron read some short dramatic lyrics by Robert Browning before the book section of Carmel Woman's Club Wednesday morning at Pine Inn. It was an excellent program, because, besides Bert being one of Carmel's finest readers, his selection of poems was good. The well known and very dramatic poem, "How They Brought the News from Ghent to Aix," was the first selection. The amusing "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister" was followed by "My Last Duchess," which Bert explained he had never known a woman to like. He found many who did at Wednesday's meeting. "A Toccata of Gallupi's" was beautifully read. It had been said that Browning was more a philosopher than a poet, but Bert said he didn't see how anyone could say he was not a poet after reading "Porphyria's Lover," the next selection. "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's Church" followed and the program concluded with "The Grammarian's Funeral."

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Holy Week in the Churches

All Saints

Holy Week services at All Saints' Church will be:

Palm Sunday—Special service with appropriate music.

Maundy Thursday morning at 10 o'clock—A service of the Holy Communion.

Good Friday from 12 noon to 3 o'clock—Three Hour Service. The Rev. Homer S. Bodley, of Community Church, and the Rev. Carel J. Hulsewé, rector of All Saints, will deliver meditations on the "Seven Words on the Cross."

Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock—Children's Service.

Easter Sunday morning at 7 and 8 o'clock—Service of the Holy Communion. At 9:30 o'clock—Choral Holy Communion Service with a sermon message by the rector. The Vested Choir will sing J. Barnaby's "Awake Up, My Glory." At 11 o'clock—Service of Morning Prayer with sermon and anthem to be followed by the service of the Holy Communion.

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Douglas School Notes

Douglas School will have its Easter vacation from April 8 to 17 and the students are planning a wonderful holiday. Many parties have been scheduled at their homes.

The Lady Chaytor Polo Tournament at the Riviera Country Club at Santa Monica has created a great deal of interest with the Douglas School's polo team. Those representing Douglas are Phyllis Havenstrite, Barbara Ames, Gertrude Brawner and Maria Grinstead.

Four Douglas girls will compete in the tennis tournament at Ojai. Louise Young and Charlotte Joyce will play singles while Sally Braid and Roe Arlen will enter the doubles. These girls have been coached by Leo Kohler, assistant to Elizabeth Ryan at Del Monte.

Mary Morse is entered in the Women's State Golf Tournament to be held at the Wilshire Country Club, Los Angeles, during the holidays.

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Pat Partridge and Ray Draper were down from San Francisco last week-end to visit Jean Leidig.

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Community

The following Holy Week and Easter Services will be held at the Carmel Community Church:

Palm Sunday, April 10—At 9:30 o'clock, Boys' and Girls' Service. Junior Choir. The Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor, will speak on "The Meaning of Palm Sunday." 11 o'clock, special music by an adult choir which will sing "Peace I Leave With You" and "The Palm Branches." Mrs. Emma Evans will accompany both choirs. The pastor will speak on "The Power of Meekness." There will also be a baptismal service.

Wednesday, April 13—Regular study group will meet at 7:30 p.m. with special emphasis on events of Passion Week. The pastor will lead the meeting.

Thursday—Candlelight Service at 8 p.m. The pastor will read passages of Scripture. There will be special music.

Good Friday, April 15—Three-hour service, 12 noon, in fellowship with All Saints' church when Mr. Hulsewé and Mr. Bodley will participate alternately in discussing the "Seven Last Words of Christ." Service in All Saints' Church.

Easter Sunday—Climaxing note of rejoicing. Children's service at 9:30 a.m. will be one largely of music by the Junior Choir and primary department. At 11 a.m. there will be a string ensemble under the direction of Mrs. Valona Brewer, two choir numbers, a girls' sextet, and a solo. New members of the church will be received on Easter Sunday as a part of the service. A complete program of the service will be given in THE CYMBAL next week.

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Marie Elizalde left the Peninsula Tuesday for Chicago where she will visit Betty Moffat. Mrs. Elizalde's sister, Geraldine Spreckels, plans to stay here and will take a house for the month to be joined shortly by her mother.

Carmel Mission

Services at the Carmel Mission will be:

Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock—Devotions and Confession will be heard afterwards.

Thursday morning at 8 o'clock—High Mass followed by a procession of the Blessed Sacrament from the main altar to the altar of repose.

Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock—Holy Hour.

Friday morning at 8 o'clock—Mass of the pre-sanctified. Unveiling of the cross and adoration of the cross by the congregation.

Friday from noon to 3 o'clock—Three Hours. Conducted by Father Michael O'Connell, Father Eugene MacDonald, Father Clement Higgins, Father Joseph Minch, Father Peter Santi and a Franciscan father. At the end of the Three Hours the body will be taken from the cross and taken in a procession to the side chapel where it will remain until Easter Sunday morning. This is an an old Mission custom practiced in the days of the padres and revived. Noel Sullivan and a men's choir will chant the Seven Last Words during the Three Hours.

Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock—Stations of the Cross.

Saturday morning at 7 o'clock—Blessing of the Paschal Fire, Baptismal water and Easter Candles followed by Mass at 8 o'clock.

Saturday afternoon from 2 to 6—Confessions.

Saturday evening from 7 to 9—Confessions.

Easter Sunday morning—Low Mass at 7 and 9. Ann Sapero will sing at the 9 o'clock Mass. High Mass at 11 o'clock. Father Clement Higgins will conduct his first High Mass and deliver his blessing to members of the congregation individually afterward. Noel Sullivan and the choir will sing and Father Michael O'Connell will preach. Many outside priests will be present at this Mass.

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HERBERT HERON
Candidate for Councilman

By LYNDA SARGENT

A hand too large for our reckoning had laid the place for us: the feast a flight of buttercups along the slope and plattersful of sun. "I think this is one of the nicest things in the world—a field with flowers, and the damp earth. Well, it sounds bucolic, I know, but . . ."

"Cluck, cluck." And a fine well-fed squirrel came overhead and stared at Mr. Herbert Heron who was apologising for nature. "Cluck, cluck to you," said the squirrel. "Just because you're running for the Council that's no reason you need to do a Judas on us. You're darn tootin' it's the nicest thing on earth and you the one to know, being a poet. Why, only this morning we fellows of field and stream had a council meeting of our own; the teres and flowers and birds (except the grouse, who's running on another ticket) and one skunk and me. Well, Hamlet's pappy's ghost was there, too, because, ubiquitous ass that he is, he's a friend of yours and does tread softly. Trouble is, said the polecat, who is a prince of fellows, but jealous of his prerogatives, if Bert gets in my venom will atrophy. He hates venom. What I'm trying to say is, we're all for you. You always get the hang o' things somehow. But there you sit, trying to belittle us. Don't forget, even if I can't vote, I can still hurl a mean pine cone."

The squirrel went off up the limb and a small apple tree obligingly blushed for everyone.

"What are you doing?" said Mr. Heron.

I was devoutly making a chain of pine needles and letting the sun have his way.

"Cluck, cluck!" And a pine cone landed with too much conviction too near. "I thought this was an interview. Pine newspaper woman you are. If you don't do right by our candidate, may the termites get you above the chin."

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So I wrote in a notebook for a few minutes, even as I knew that it was an increment above facts, above specific achievement that makes Bert Heron a representative of Carmel, on or off the Council.

Of the Forest Theater, dear to Carmel and his special interest and how, as author, producer, director, janitor, critic, he has graced those boards with something like twenty successes. Most of you won't need to be reminded. His own poetic drama, "Montezuma"; "Love-Liars," which he wrote with Constance Skinner; "Tusitala" with John Hilliard. The lazy inconsequential pencil rested while I listened. Of Hamlet, treading his measure while the fog poked stringent little fingers down through the pines and people didn't even know it was cold.

"Speaking of 'Hamlet'," he said. "I tried an experiment once. You know that soliloquy is bad stage. You can't just walk on just cold and elocute. Not these days. So I found a better place for it; put it in the second act instead of the third. That place where *Polonius* comes in and interrupts *Hamlet's* reading and when he goes out, *Hamlet* says, 'These tedious old fools . . .' Well, it belongs right there and I put it there. And not a soul ever knew the difference."

Although he had had, when he came to Carmel, a number of years of professional theatre—stock and repertory and performances in the Bohemian Grove—the Forest Theater has been true to him. Now he has sold his bookshop, he is going into the company of the Carmel Players, whom he admires. For 25 years he has served the town well with his Seven Arts book mart—the first, incidentally, of the Carmel shops devoted to the pastime of culture—but on this April air he hears the thin mischief of Melpomene and Thalia waiting to snare him by the Pierian spring and the somewhat less mischievous call of the civic good, and has waggled the pointed ear.

"If the Carmel Players want to do some Shakespeare I'll help them if they'll take me. If they don't, I'll do it myself. My hope is for a Shakespeare Festival, one tragedy and one comedy, to supplement the Bach Festival. That would really do something for Carmel. It would not only bring in the kind of people the business men want, but the kind the old-timers are making such a howl about. This is a natural setting for a festival town. And Bach and Shakespeare belong in the same tradition—occupy the same place in their different spheres.

"And I want to write some more verse. Maybe begin by getting together what I've already published in magazines.

"Politics? As far as I'm concerned, the word is *de trop* in Carmel. There's absolutely no reason why we should permit any of the machinations, the shibboleths, of politics to contaminate our private affairs. We have a right as citizens of Carmel, to say how we shall be governed and then govern ourselves that way. There isn't any place in this community council for secret sessions, for intracouncil agreements. There's no need for that.

"And if you don't say anything else, I'd like to have this of record: *Nothing should be done in Carmel—nothing at all—that the majority of the people are opposed to. It doesn't make any difference if I, as a citizen and councilman, would like to see it done. And if there is something a majority of the people want done, it should be done if it is possible to do it. I mean that. I believe that to be the meaning of democratic government. Government by consent of the governed.*"

It surely isn't necessary to say anything here of his record as a Councilman. He not only talks today of co-operation with the people, but he speaks from the invaluable vantage point of having successfully practiced it. I have yet to hear an exception to the opinion that he was one of the best, if not *the best*, councilman Carmel ever had.

I have yet to hear any evidence to the contrary that in his 30 years of identification with the town he has become one of its most beloved citizens.

One of its most *beloved* citizens.

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Mrs. E. A. Hewitt and her daughter, Elizabeth, a student at Mills College, are spending the week in Carmel as guests of Holiday Inn.

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Florence Brown and Sally Ward from San Francisco, both frequent visitors to Carmel, will be here for the next week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Green, Jr., from Seattle, are spending a lot of time on the golf course during their visit here at La Playa Hotel.

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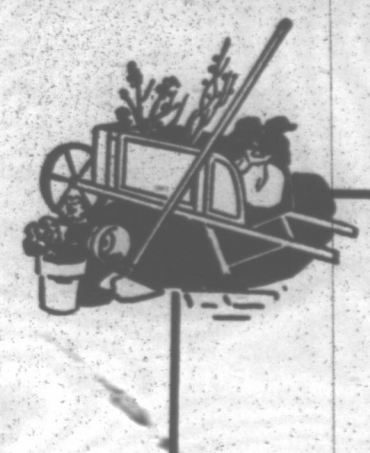

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The Carmel Cymbal
ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

Published Every Friday By
THE CYMBAL COMPANY
E. A. H. Watson A. Porter Halsey
W. K. Bassett

SEVENTH AND SAN CARLOS STREET
P. O. BOX 1880 ✦ TELEPHONE 77
Ocean Avenue Office: South Side
Near Mission (Carmel Investment Co.)

PRINTED BY CARMEL PRESS, INC.

Subscription, $1 a year, by mail. ✦ Foreign, $2 a year.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Carmel, Calif., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

The Cymbal is on sale at:
Del Monte Hotel Newsstand
McKay's Newsstand, Monterey
Grove Pharmacy, Pacific Grove

THINGS TO COME

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PLAYS

The Carmel Players present "Three Men on a Horse" Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings, April 28, 29, 30 and May 1 at 8:30 o'clock at the Filmarte Theatre. Tickets on sale at the door or call 130 for reservations.

MOTION PICTURES

Filmarte Theatre. Monte Verde between Eighth and Ninth. Last time tonight, Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook and H. B. Warner in "Victoria the Great." Sunday to Wednesday, Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone in "Love From a Stranger." Thursday to Sunday, "Elephant Boy."

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Mae West, Edmund Lowe and Charles Butterworth in "Every's Day a Holiday" and James Dunn and Whitney Bourne in "Living on Love." Saturday, Wallace Beery, Virginia Bruce and Lewis Stone in "Bad Man of Brimstone" and Joe E. Brown and Jane Wyman in "Wide Open Faces." Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Fredric March and Margot Graham in "The Buccaneer." Wednesday, Judy Canova and the Yacht Club Boys in "Thrill of a Lifetime." Also 10-Win. Thursday and Friday, John Boles and Luli Deste in "She Married an Artist" and Ronald Reagan and Mary Maguire in "Sergeant Murphy."

PLAY READINGS

Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox will give a reading of Paul Vincent Carroll's "Shadow and Substance" tomorrow night at 8:30 o'clock at the Filmarte Theatre.

MUSIC

The Carmel Music Society presents the final concert of the winter series Saturday night, April 16, at 8:30 o'clock at Sunset Auditorium. The Budapest String Quartet. Tickets on sale at Thoburns. Carmel 62.

LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS

Luncheon meeting at Pine Inn at 11:45 a.m. this Tuesday, April 12. Mrs. James Boyle, state chairman of government and child welfare, will speak on "The Children of Migratory Workers." Call Pine Inn Carmel 600, for reservations.

General meeting at the home of Mrs. L. O. Kellogg at 2 p.m. Tuesday, April 26. Members are urged to attend.

CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB

Current Events section meets April 13 and 27 at 10:30 a.m. at Pine Inn. Book section will meet Wednesday, April 20, at 10:30 a. m. at Pine Inn. Garden section meets Thursday, April 21, at 10:30 a.m. at the home of Miss Anne Grant.

The Women's Chess Club meets Thursday evening at the same time and place. Both men and women are welcome.

DRAMA WORKSHOP

Monday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Shakespeare, streamlined and cut for production. Chick McCarthy in charge.

Tuesday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Play writing and original manuscripts under Charlie Van Riper.

Wednesday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Costume designing. Eleanor Irwin in charge. Lighting under Kay Knudsen and backstage construction under B. Franklin Dixon.

Thursday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Radio Workshop with John Eaton in charge.

Please use Monte Verde entrance to all Workshop meetings at Pine Inn.

CAMERA CLUB

Meets the second Tuesday in every month at Pine Inn. Any camera addict should be interested in the group work. See Peter Burk at Carmel Drug or Lloyd Weer at the P. G. & E. office.

PISTOL CLUB

Carmel Pistol Club meets every second Tuesday in month at new range in basement of Carmel Garage.

✚ ✚ ✚

MARGARET GRANT TALKS ON ELIZABETH FRY

For the benefit of the flood sufferers Margaret Grant will talk on "Elizabeth Fry, Angel of Prisons" this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at Pine Inn. Tickets are on sale at the Carmel Drug Store and the admission charge is 50 cents.

THIS THING AND THAT

AS THE WIND BLEW ACROSS TORRES WOODS . . .

I turned my face
To the infinite grace
Of living lace—
Softly astir
Pine and fir
Together were.

✚

Imagine a thing as dependable
As a lofty pine, being bendable!

✚

Has the wind
Sinned,
That it should moan?
Will its wonderful weeping
Some day atone?

✚

I on my back
In the scent of the needles
Heard how the mother-bird
Coaxes and wheedles;
Saw with what swiftness
A grackle can fly;
Marveled that butterflies,
Born but to die,
Muster the courage
To mount up so high—
Laughed at the foolish things'
Charming temerity
Consulting aloft
An eternal green verity!

✚

The man I love is like a tree—
Tall and straight and strong is he—
When winds blow harsh he comforts me.

Unafraid he scans the sky—
Faces truths howe'er they lie—
Tempers them for such as I.

—EDITH FRISBIE

CARMEL CAPERS

Suddenly the world is ruled by whimsy; ladies don little peaked caps in an effort to look like wood sprites, Snow White triumphs over flesh and blood rivals as heroine of the hour, and strong men trip lightly to the elfin strains of "Whistle While We Work."

Though Freddie Nagel did manage to squeeze in a few of his superlatively rendered rhumbas, the Disney selections were favored at Del Monte last Saturday night.

Polo players were in profusion, handsome but slightly unhappy in the horseless formality of dinner jackets, they walk with that peculiar gait of men too long astride. The movie actors and actresses advertised for the occasion may have been frightened away by the press of people who came to gaze upon their timid loveliness . . . in any case we did not see any

Some of our more picturesque natives were observed: Stevie Field, who traces his ancestry back to the early Spanish settlers and his lands from the mountains to the sea, sat unobtrusively in a corner with his fair chatelaine. Jimmy Smith was roaming about; he has the Astaire ears and is said to be a divine dancer which, by the laws of compensation, he should be. Herb Cerwin sits at his same old table, just as if he had never succumbed to the call of the Orient. Mr. Head looks exactly as he has for the past 15 years and, by the grace of the gods on high, so does Mr. S. F. B. Morse. Rudy and Harry mix various alcoholic concoctions, with the objectivity common to all good bartenders, and life, under the benign gaze of the Republicans and the Del Monte Properties Company, goes on apace.

✚

In a sheltered spot on the Carmel river, shaded by silver-leafed birch trees, Ed and Pat Files have temporarily settled in their little house on wheels.

Later on in the summer, says Pat, they will hitch their trailer to the car and live down the Coast by the sea. The only thing we would rather have than a house on wheels would be a boat or the wings of a bird. Definitely we envy them. The world, with their charming little moveable house, is theirs.

✚

Ynez has the first hoop skirt on the Peninsula. Picturesque, we had to admit, but how does one contrive to look like a Watteau painting in a rumble seat?

✚

Don't make the mistake of thinking that Sammy Hopkins acquired that lovely tan on the beach like an ordinary Carmel aborigine. As he graciously explained to us from the depths of his green Lincoln convertible, his, my ignorant ones, is a very far-sought, first-class Yosemite snow bronze.

—LIBBY LEY

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FIFTH AND JUNIPERO

CLANGING CYMBALS

ASSIGNMENT—SPRING

Out of the corners of her eyes, now all but closed for the agony, she saw the great rock behind which she had concealed herself begin to move.

A few hours ago the heifer with the flat white face had hurriedly detached herself from the rest of the herd and climbed the hill. All the morning, since the pushing first began, she had been facing into a northwest wind, staring unsightful out across the sea. She had stood with her hind feet uphill sharply.

Beneath her nose she felt, rather than perceived with her eyes, the cursive roadway and the passing rush of motorcars: the delicate foot of Point Lobos dipping the ice ocean; the crush of fire poppies under her right front foot; the jubilee of the Carmel River gnashing at willow and artichoke; the graze sorrel like scraped flesh on a field. Distantly, the village climbed its hill; up to the post office, down to the beach; up to the post office, down to the beach. A child's game. A rhythm; rhythm unscored, irrefragible, incorporate in itself, like this movement within her own body. The rhythm had half choked her as she bulkily labored up the side of the mountain. She had started walking all of a sudden as if she had forgotten a luncheon engagement and then remembered; as if she were a banker in a morning coat going to a director's meeting, quickly.

The rhythm was getting terrible. You could have put your fingers on each side of her tail then and found all the muscles strangely relaxed; you could lay your ear against her belly and there would be the systole-diastole, the world heave and strain and settle, heave and strain. A little fear would come in you, subtly.

Out of the corner of her half-seeled eyes, the stone, rolling, rolling . . . ah, mighty God . . .

They had come down a little green hill this side of Fraga . . . warily . . . behind the bitter frayed armies . . . Teruel, Zaragoza . . . warily, warily. Under the cheekbones the food-forgotten hollow. Walking, the mother felt her loose loin muscles, loose unnourishment of any sustenance, rotting with child, slop about under the weight of the boy in her arms. Presently, warily, they came to the bodies, to the field yesterday rich in white daisy . . . rich today . . . ah, richer fuller . . . The peaks of the Mt. Juste range busily wrought April aloft. But no difference. She dropped the boy, forgetting him. Remembering . . . hot Spain . . . oh mother of the little immaculate babe, the well-nourished child by God out of Mary . . . is he here? Not this one. Nor this. Here, this with no face . . . the same old hands levelled to all hand-likeness by soil . . . the clothes rags indistinguishable . . . this might be . . . might be hers . . . her own. Well, there's one way. She tears febrile hands at the rags . . . one way she'll know her own man . . . rip the buttons . . . lay bare . . . lay bare . . .

From under the stone by his fallen head the boy sees a beetle come crawling. Sun of Spain . . . Valencian sun, sun going up to Lerida, April on the wintered coleoptera under the stone of Mt. Juste. The boy moves too quickly. The beetle scutters under the rock again, the fat beetle unhungered.

Roll the stone away little fellow. That's it, put your thin hands against this rock, this well-nourished stuff . . . your head, too . . . push, strain. Roll it away, the stone with the fat beetle under. Strain empty belly; bleed small Catalan head. There! Mama, here quick . . . three beetles. The thin hands close . . . two beetles go down whole, their hard wings beating against the palate, the throat wall. One with each hand. Hurry . . . the other has burrowed in. Dig, littleman. Into God's earth, into the warm vernal earth, the rich earth. Quick, quick, roll the stone again . . . more, more. Roll it away . . . dig, dig . . . vomit up the two half-live coleoptera, vomit and dig; vomit and dig; whimper . . . there was another, mama . . . he g-got away . . . roll the stone . . .

The red heifer has begun to moan, plaintive and low. With her blank face she makes a lowing and it shivers the new tall grass and goes out through the burning Indian Paint brush like another flame; weary flame. Blue water, blue water, cease from your easement; bright ocean, bright ocean, labor with me. Suddenly there can be seen two earth-innocent hooves, just protruding; still world-clean, blown on for the first time in all life by the long thin winds on the Santa Lucias. The red heifer leans against the rolling boulder and pushes, pushes: she steps back a little and beats her hind quarters on the stone. (Now, if you could only help yourself a little, Mrs. Reynold-Elderstein. *Please.* Relax). The dew beads on the red heifer's nose are hot. Spring yellow, spring yellow, join me my plaining wail: hawk circling, hawk circling, breathe me some air. The heifer can make no effort. She lies down. The racked lowing like moaning waves under the storm; cry of a Catalan wife . . . sound of a bullet going . . .

Sweet earth, vernal earth, witness my riving . . .

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ADVT.

Look, mama, there's blood where I walked. Shut up you little fool, shut up will you! The Woman put a thin old carrot, like the face of her, into the thin stew, rubbing her palm across the swelling on her lip. She felt it with her tongue, the numbness. It was dyed soft intense desert shades where the old man had patted her on the kisser. She muttered, I shouldn't ha' asked him for shoes, but Jez, the kid's feet . . . Jez. She adds a little salt to the stew . . . out of the tear ducts . . . uncured salt . . . adds a little passion to the stew. Jez, not a day's work this year now . . . it ain't the ol' man's fau't . . . I'd hit too . . . here baby, here's this good strut paper the woman brought the b'oody rich togs in . . . velvet evening dress charity . . . here, mama'll make good soles . . .

It touches the sore underfoot . . . reading, New York Times, March 27, 1938 . . . supple footwear . . . made Saks Fifth Avenue famous . . . $22.50 . . . Mama, look, there's blood where I walked . . .

The red heifer bows her head and immense hollow darkness is there. Lift up thy lanterns, oh my God. Lift them up and censer-swing them in our night. Let down thy fiddle-back chasuble; bare Thine own unsparing back to me . . . oh . . . h . . .

I am Thy Land, Thy Native Land.

Light transversely on the brasses —on horn and cymbal; on the slick black wanton flesh; on friable heart. Light aslant, oblique light. Polyphony in a Harlem stew.

Come on honey, you gotta hep me
You gotta come up close and shove wi' me
You gotta hep me
to roll de stone
dat bitty piece o' stone,
dat miser'ble ol' lump er hindercatin' rock
dat stone
away.

Lissern big boy, yo lissern to yo' baby now. Yo' gotten too dam much dis rotton ol' stew beam in yo' guts. Yo' drunk, big boy. But even effn yo' is passified, yo' ain't got no call git disreligious wi' me. Sho', Ah's jes' ony hot bit o' stew meat, but Ah got me a Gawd—a kinda Gawd—an' sho' nough nigger dis yere's dat kinda jalous Gawd likn the preacher done say. An' you cain't go on Susy-Q-in' and heigh-de-ho-in' an alla time be disreligious 'bout dat stone dey roll offn from Jesus Christ. Ah's scared, honey, He's gwine strike us daid . .

Aw honey, come on roll wi' me.
You is dat stone yo'sef, ma chile.
Ain't Mist' Hitler say dey ain't no mo' Gawd . . .
He say dere sho' nough ain't no man Jesus
Chris'
Nobody got no Gawd no more
Come ho-de-ho.
Dis stone am me, ma beatin' baby.
Mist' Hitler he done say he's Gawd . . .
Dis stone ma own stone, honey,
So come an' roll
Until we has roll
Dat stone o' mine complete away.

Hey, yo' niggers, make way. We is goin'. We is got our Spring plowin' to do. We is gwine lie down in dem green pastures. We is gwine roll de stone . . . we find Mist' Hitler underneath dat stone . . . we doan be no mo' Gawd's chillen . . . no mo' . . . Oh, Jesus what us chillen gwine do widout You, Jesus? . . . honey . . . Ah's drunk . . . Ah's gwine cry . . .

The white heifer on the Palo Corona got up suddenly. Quite suddenly. She faced out to sea. She saw the stone gain momentum, then closed her eyes shut for a moment. A second. A beating breath on time-span. When she opened them, she turned slowly around. The calf lay on the grass, wet, inert, crushing down a few yellow flowers, a spread of baby blue eyes. Its eyes were still closed, but it was breathing heavily and shaking off its shackles; shaking the too-prisoning womb. The heifer shuddered with ecstasy, running the long rough tongue over the damp face until the eyes opened. Until the eyes opened for the first time in life: opened on the stilled siller Pacific; on the spray of Paint Brush under its dewed nose; on the beach at Carmel; on the immense egg shape of the San Francisco Bay Bridge; on the emmet, man-laboring, pulling, hauling, sweating; on the Statue of Liberty Inscrutable; on the embroglio of a Harlem brothel; on April-sweet Spain. Opened them, with wonder, on to life.

Slowly, with inconceivable bliss, the red heifer ran the long tongue over the wet flanks, the creation, the promise. Out over the continents her lowing went, gentle and tender. Song of the vernal dawn, world epithalamium. Cradle song.

The rock on which she had vent her anguish had rolled away down the hill.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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Here Is Thanks For 'Victoria'

As D.C.B. said Tuesday night, after we had climbed into the car and caught our breath: "Every once in a while the movies justify their existence."

We had just come from the Filmarte and "Victoria the Great," from Anna Neagle, as nearly in the flesh as the screen can get an actress, and an actress can get herself with art that defies the limits of one dimension. We had come from Anton Walbrook, the prince consort *de luxe*.

Words are silly, ineffectual little things as ways and means for conveying high reactions. It is impossible for me to set down here in any adequate phraseology as expression of thought what "Victoria the Great" did to me Tuesday night. I can best explain my reaction by saying emphatically that for an hour or more my physical surroundings faded into an intangible mist and I spent the swiftly-moving minutes in the city of London. I spent them in wide corridors, in ball rooms, in boudoirs, in libraries, in the House of Commons, in Westminster. I listened to the voice of England's greatest statesman, of England's greatest queen, of the man she loved with ineffable devotion.

To Anna Neagle who was beautiful as the young Victoria, majestic and homage-commanding as the Widow of Windsor; to the British film producers who made this picture, and to Dick Bare who brought it to Carmel, may I offer the deepest appreciation I can convey in words. And may I offer to you who have not seen this picture, or do not see it tonight when it shows for the last time, my most sincere condolences.

—W. K. B.

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"The wittles is up!"

In my youth, as Father William would say, a dairy was not a place on the main street to be dropped into for an ice cream cone or a cup of coffee cum conversation. A dairy was a big barn full of cows somewhere vaguely in the country—in my case it was "out in West Newbury" or "down in Old Town." And all that was expected of a dairy was our daily milk supply. It came in huge battered tin cans and was poured from them into big pitchers or pans at the homes where the milkman called in the dawning. Summertimes when we were sojourning at the seashore the milk cans were put on the front end of the first trolley, which left town about 6 a.m., and arriving at the beach the motorman slowed down his car just enough to deposit each can on its proper platform. The tops of the cans fitted in deeply, forming a convenient cup (not sealed on!), from which the motorman was wont to assuage his early morning thirst sometimes with a swig of fresh milk. No one exactly objected. Milk wasn't measured very carefully in those days, and, after all, the motorman as a rule was an obliging soul who would take emergency measures or carry packages for customers along the route.

We didn't have dairies serving banana specials and milk shakes and fancy sundaes—we had instead ice cream parlors. There were several of them in my youthful ken and one, which consisted merely of a few casual tables in a candy store, is now the leading caterer, doing business in the same place and run by members of the same family. Today there are booths and up-to-date furnishings and you can order ice cream in fancy molds for social functions, but some of the atmosphere of a simpler generation still clings to the place and old residents of my home town feel the sort of affection for it that Carmel had for Delos Curtis. Another ice cream parlor forever embedded in my memory was a cool, dark room back of an Italian fruit store beside the post office. On hot summer days, if a nickel was available, the only sensible way to spend it was to eat a dish of ice cream at one of the varnished tables in there. When you had decided whether to have chocolate, strawberry or vanilla, your choice was scooped out in thin curls and piled on a five-cent-size saucer in a deceptively generous portion. If you by chance were rolling in wealth you could indulge in a real feast and order the ten-cent size, which was served on a larger saucer and carried with it the privilege of combining two flavors!

Best of all on a sweltering summer day when it was too hot even for our youthful energy to walk the seven or eight blocks to "down town," was the ice cream wagon which brought the luxury to your very gate. How exciting on those drowsy afternoons, when the maple and elm leaves hung limp and motionless and the cicadas shrilled their monotonous heat song, sounded the bell of the ice cream wagon approaching up the shady deserted street! "Oh, here comes Johnny Canepa!" and one of us would run to the kitchen for a bowl, another for what small change our always-patient and sympathizing mother could supply, and then down to the street we dashed pell mell. Lucky for us that Johnny Canepa walked his old horse and kept his dark Italian eyes peeled, for we had two flights of terrace steps and a front walk fifty feet long separating our house from the sidewalk. How eagerly and greedily we watched the big spoon scoop out the curls of cool ambrosia and pile them into our bowl, employing the same technique as the ice cream parlor servings. Just what measure Johnny Canepa went by, heaven alone knows, but we had no recourse except to take what he considered our money was worth. Up the long walk again, hurrying carefully with our precious bowl, and then more eager, greedy watching while somebody divided the already melting ice cream into as exactly equal shares as humanly possible. There were four of us children and usually several grown-ups about, and maybe you think it was a simple matter to satisfy those four ungrown-ups as to the mathematical accuracy of each saucerful! How slowly, with little penurious spoon-sips and tongue-lickings, we consumed that ice cream to the last creamy drop, all of us sitting under the towering spruce tree beside the house where we caught whatever fitful puffs of languid summer breeze might stir . . .

I sometimes wonder what our children will remember with the same sort of thrill. Ice cream cones? Why, most of the youngsters of today have had so many ice cream cones since they began to crawl that they're no more likely to carry memories of them into middle age than they'll think back with reminiscent glow to riding in an automobile. When I was small we looked upon ice cream as a more or less rare *treat* and never, thank heaven, did we have it often enough to make it lose that special quality of delicious luxury. As for a child refusing ice cream, such a thing was unheard of. When our own child sometimes quite unemotionally declines dessert and goes off unregretting to other business, leaving his simple-hearted family to gorge themselves on his share of the ice cream, his father and I shake our heads in dumb amazement and wonder what future awaits such an unnatural boy . . .

+

I must correct an error in my column two weeks ago. I spoke of the book which Ruth de Forest Lamb, author of "American Chamber of Horrors" is now writing as "The Devil's Cradle." I used to think I could read almost any handwriting but Ruth tells me in a letter just received that it is really "The Devil's Candle." She says it comes from a statement by one of her characters in the first chapter: "It would seem that nothing stands in the light of these people so long as the devil holds the candle for them." In regard to my remarks about false advertising she writes: "I regret to report that the fight against false advertising has flowed into another channel. A bill was passed a week or so ago giving control of food, drug and cosmetic advertising to the Federal Trade Commission. As the principal method of control provided by this bill is simply the present inadequate cease and desist order, you may find it interesting to watch for any change." Ruth ought to know something about advertising since she wrote copy for some of the biggest agencies in the country at one time. Her official title now is Chief Educational Officer of the Food and Drug Administration, United States Department of Agriculture. That sounds like something!

—CONSTANT EATER

+ + +

Dick Bare Gets Into Colliers'

Here's Dick Bare again—breaking the national print.

In the current issue of *Collier's* John R. Tunis wrote on "Homemade Hollywood" and the fourth paragraph down read as follows, to-wit:

Movie making often leads folks into queer places. At the age of ten, Richard L. Bare of Modesto, California, was given a toy projector by his dad. He began to hold movie shows—admission one pin. By high school he had become a movie director with a staff of ten, and produced a thriller called "West of the Rio Grande," which was shown for two nights in the school auditorium and made money. In college he majored in cinematography. "The Oval Mirror," which he adapted from an Edgar Allan Poe story, won him the Paul Muni Award for the best non-theatrical film of 1934. Today Richard is launched on a movie career.

Where there is now nothing but a large hole in the ground, by June there will be an attractive shop, which we understand will house Ted S. Jerstad, furrier, of San Francisco and Palo Alto. It will be one-story building with a brick veneer front and a concrete basement and will cost in the neighborhood of $3500. The shop is being built by Harry and George Aucourt on their property on Lincoln between Ocean and Seventh.

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We'll recover the old settee and slip-cover your chairs . . .
We'll sell you baby chicks and feed to make them grow . . .
We'll supply your horse with barley and hay . . .
We'll supply your stove with wood and coal; the fireplace with chunks . . .
We'll wire your house and garage and hang the fixtures . . .
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Dressmaker type coats of all wool sponge (that nubby, dressy fabric) tucked from collar to hem line **$19.75**

Dress Coats with luxurious fox or wolf collars, hand tailored **$49.50** to **$69.50**

Smart frocks, all with finished seams, deep hems, zipper plackets from **$10.95** to **$32.75**

Lovely formals in chiffons, nets, satins, crepes in misses' and women's sizes **$14.95 and up**

Hats from simple plain little felts, good styles at **$1.95** to Stetsons at **$5.00** to **$10.00**

Flower-trimmed turbans and smart straws in complete price range **$1.95** to **$10.00**

Gnome and Dwarf caps of fine quality antelope at **$1.00**

46 Departments Offer You Fine Merchandise at Saving Prices
. . . We Cordially Invite Your Inspection

Holman's

Pacific Grove

"Where Thousands Shop and Save"

Carmel Shops Simply Burgeon

Spring

SUGGESTS

Hélène Vye

Gowns

Millinery

Distinctive Sports Apparel

Accessories

Ocean Avenue
Carmel

Spring has planted both feet on Ocean avenue at last. There was just one more mud puddle to leap between the Vernal Equinox and Wednesday, April sixth. It was spread out over last Monday evening. But now it's all over and we can wash the windows and look out on the live oak leafage beginning to green the scaly boughs of winter trees.

Speaking of windows, we might start by striding up and down Ocean avenue and looking into some of the ones we know. After all, Wednesday is a very busy day around our desk (our desk is smack in the way of the front door so we are continually shifting and balancing and getting up and down to let people past us to the editor). About this time of the first day of Spring we might as well be window shopping. And so—

Going along at a blithe rate, feeling the sunniness on our bare head and arms, thinking about people we'd like to be walking along with again and of other streets we've known—of trees not so strange as cypress and of sky quite as blue—we slow down gradually to a sauntering and a meandering and finally are looking at gum drops (licorice).

+

The gum drops taste very good and so we keep nibbling and stopping to look at things.

+

Have you ever seen a Pomander Ball? It's a very, very old English idea and it used to be an orange stuck full of cloves and swung about from silk ribbands. What a treasure an orange must have been in the sixteenth century, about the time the idea started. Elizabeth was exceedingly fond of her "spice ball"—it shed a little aroma, purgatively. But Cardinal Wolsey was also exceedingly fond of his and had one swung before him at home and as he walked abroad—"to perfume the air."

The idea is still good, although the need is purely esthetic in this day of good soap and running water. The Carmel Drug Store has them tied up in Spring ribbons, a leaf-light ball fragrant with fresh-dried buds of clove. They're an exquisite sachet.

+

There are so many people on the Avenue today. And so many cars with chauffeurs. And the shops are crowded. I even have to nudge a bit to do my window shopping.

+

Have you noticed how Tilly Polak has been having a sort of picture gallery of her own? Bill Irwin's striking watercolor brought a lot of people to Tilly's window last week. And the week before that there were two flower prints that were grand. This week there's a print of a "belle" which actually looks like a really old portrait.

+

Gladys Johnston knows that it's Spring. She's wearing a white sharkskin suit and a sky blue scarf.

+

And The Game Cock has its feathers preened down to the pins. Pretty much of a bird, I'd say, with raffia bags trimmed up with painted corks. And a new kind with a wooden frame, the pieces matched for pattern and separated into inch squares that stretch and open and come back together again because of secret wires to intricate places. The bags are homespun or pastel suedes or striped silk jersey.

+

In Sorrento they make things out of wood, pieces cut deftly and patterned, almost like mosaic, almost like neatly severed memories, placed carefully in patterns . . . the lemon trees and the almonds in the dusty afternoons . . . the white stones on the beach and the painted sails on little fishing boats . . .

+

Beaches with sand—for sun bathers who like brevity splashed over with colors. Hibiscus colors. Or poppies that grow on the ledges of sharp green mountains down somewhere near Cutuco or Mazatlan. The Lucien Shop has two-piece cotton sun suits (or you could swim in them). They're tropical and make you think of movies like "The Hurricane."

+

People who love to play, no matter where they swim or golf or ride or sail boats or walk through hills, must, sooner or later, come to Carmel for their clothes. Yes, they do have shops in San Francisco, Hollywood, New York and some other places, but *nowhere* do they have play clothes for women with more vivacious personality. Play and active sports belong to our Peninsula. Or, maybe we should say, our Peninsula belongs to play and active sports. Be that as it may, it is our local shops who see to it that we play in the smartest things to be coaxed from designers who have original and adaptable ideas.

+

The Cinderella Shop has a kind of silk knit swimming ensemble you'd hunt North America for if you didn't know. Besides the suit, which fits whether you're swimming or sunning, because it was designed as carefully as your Easter tailleur, there is a cape to give it just the added "action." And the colors that shine when they're wet.

+

Engracia has resort hats not to be duplicated anywhere. They were created especially for this shop. Thinking about the pampas and the gaucho—and, we suppose, a sombrero—and topping it off with *recuerdos* of some recent party where they had paper hats for the guests—there came out, wide and swirling with colors, a new kind of hat made of soft straw and linen, fastened under the chin with a nice fat cork.

+

And hello, Wick Parsons. If we only knew as much about silver as that man does! Or if we knew what *Mrs.* Wick knows—and knows indubitably—about glass and porcelain and antique tables, we'd, too, be going to England on treasure hunts for things that are beautiful and true. But, as it is, we saw only fat English cows feeding on the short new grass of Spring some-

Libby In One Of Her Throes

Our Libby is in one of the throes of one of her tough times, so to speak, as ably and rhythmically indicated by the following which she slipped into the wire basket on the right-hand side of the editorial desk one day the past week shortly before the dawn:

SONG OF BITTERNESS

Yes, terminate this sweet affair;
You always did deplore
That I could in no way compare
With those who'd gone before.

My gloom is shot by one small light,
A little joy it raises—
To think that you in future might
Bore others with my praises.

—LIBBY LEY

To which we would like to remark, we of the editorial basket, that we are even today, at the present, with a fig for the future, boring several with her praises.

SPRING
SPORT SHOES

WITH TAN CALF • WHITE BUCK

ARNOLD
authentics

Also the Classic Pump in All-White Buck
and in White Buck with Tan Calf Trim

As featured in
HARPERS' BAZAAR AND VOGUE
Listing

IMELMAN'S

Exclusively
in Carmel

Ocean Avenue • Telephone 927-W

Invitation

TO SPRING

Summer Frocks
Evening Gowns
Tailored Tweeds

and to harmonize
with your costume

Knox Hats

exclusively with

Cinderella Shop
ocean avenue
above dolores

With the Most Delightful Things

where around Devonshire . . .

+

We ate the last black gum drop looking at strange sandals poked full of holes. It was Imelman's window and so we guessed it must be something very smart nowadays to wear porthole shoes with brass zippers and crepe soles. We thought how we'd like to exchange what we had on for something porous and soft such as Conrad Imelman buys for his customers.

+

And then we stopped at Whitney's window to think how much the biggest glass would cost full of something—anything that would go well with licorice gum drops.

+

Anna Katz has a sign in her window with remarks on Africa. There is a tribe somewhere among the veldt and the diamonds and the orchids and long-necked giraffes who are intriguing enough to be copied.

Somebody copied the tattooing—we think it must be tattooing because all that the Tongan Tribe wears is itself with the aforementioned tattooing. The dresses are made of hopsacking which has not been devitalized by dyeing it garter-snake colors. It is just plain hopsacking. But it does not wrinkle and it tubs well. The way the dresses are made (they're ten different styles in all sizes) they look like dirndls, which means a peasant dress. That also means that they're comfortable.

+

What is it that happens when you tie a whole lot of little colored threads to a whole lot of white threads? Well, that's the way it starts and after an insufferable term of time all the right threads get together and push the antagonizing threads off into a stripe by themselves. Only God and Bernice Fraser know how it happens but there is a man's homespun tie at the end of it all. The description of how to weave an authentic Scotch plaid was carrying the thing too far so we just looked at the benign simplicities of field flowers. Ties woven for the beauty of marigolds and buttercups and nasturtiums and poppies. And for the 'dobe on the Mesa.

+

We wouldn't have gone way down to the tip of the Avenue again if it hadn't been for curiosity. We wanted to see the latest activity down at Sadé's place. The kitchen is going in by the box load, on account of how it will be Friday by the time you read this and the charcoal broiler will be making a lot of sizzle out in Sadé's kitchen by that time. Colin Alderman was still sawing as the sun went down.

+

We like the flowers that Hélène Vye puts in her window. They always seem to be a part of the single dress beside them. The other day it was wild poppies to complement a dress with poppy-colored accessories. Then it was snapdragons—lemon and pomegranate colors—the same in a printed frock. We're waiting for the Easter bouquet. What will it be, Hélène?

Well. Well, we *said* hello. You're rude and we think you're quite queer ducks the both of you. But, we never did see a drake with such a stunning collar. Did you buy it in Nüremberg? Oh, you didn't come from Nüremberg. You're from Lamma? Well, well. We can't help talking so much to *him*, can we, when he doesn't frown and look down his nose at us the way you do? Well, we don't care how long you've been married to him. You look it. He has a nice cravat, too! Yes, *your* bonnet is nice enough, but the rosebuds don't become you. No, they do not. Oh—don't go—do stay in The Corner Cupboard for a while. We'll be very polite the next time. Yes, we will.

+

No, April didn't forget again—it's still Spring. It's just getting to be night, or kind of night-like. We ought to go back and see if we can get to our desk. We could read a book if the telephone wouldn't ring so much.

We like the Village Book Shop—even if Bert Heron isn't there any more—because we like Edith Griffin so much—and because we like to think we have time to read books. But time is like a lost button and we just go around looking for it day after day, thinking irrelevantly of Marion Bullard's story called "The Enchanted Button."

Which tells about a dragon and we remember how . . .

"He'd rather be loved than
eat fair ladies—
He only does it
to
stop
their
squealing."

Which ends with a Quiet Interlude In The Forest.

—KATHRYN WINSLOW

Sally Washes Our Windows, Tries To Hide It

THE CYMBAL office has been an appallingly weird place for the past few weeks. The whole horrible tragedy started on a Monday when the janitor suddenly became hysterical and shrieked shrilly, "I can't stand it. I just can't stand it any longer."

Tuesday morning, in walked the janitor with a bottle of bluish green liquid, which she explained cleaned windows beautifully, a great many pieces of old sheet dripping out of her pockets and shedding threads all over the street, and a great deal of vim and vigor, which made itself evident by the gleam in her eye and the bounce in her walk. Having removed her coat, the janitor chose the largest task first and proceeded to swish and swush the lovely green liquid onto the dark gray glass and slowly but surely THE CYMBAL's front door became a work of art and a thing of great beauty. But the secretary noticed that the janitor was beginning to wheeze and puff a bit and it looked as though the gleam had gone drifting away from her eye. However, the little front window soon looked spic and span and then two panes in the side window cleared, and the janitor collapsed completely on a chair where she lay panting with every vestige of elbow grease gone and an unhappy white pallor glittering futilely from her face.

So, *we* have had to suffer because the janitor won't even look at another window. The secretary gazes brightly at Spring, while the bookkeeper looks gloomily out the back window at Winter. The reporter finds a heavenly blue sky at her elbow, and the sports editor keeps grumbling about the fog. The business manager sulks about how tired one gets of rain and the society editor tucks flowers in her hair and dreams of tropical beaches. But the editor just comes storming in and looking about the room shouts "Who in hell cares whether or not the windows are washed?" —S. F.

+ + +

Youth Problems League Topic

More and more the problems of the child and his behavior and the far-reaching effects of that behavior are occupying the attention of the adult world. Speaking on "Juvenile Problems" at the monthly luncheon meeting of the League of Women Voters to be held at Pine Inn Tuesday, April 12. Mrs. James B. Boyle will present some of the child's questions and a few of the answers for the membership of the League, its guests and the invited membership of the P-T.A.

Mrs. Boyle is section chairman of Government and Child Welfare of the State League, a graduate of the Yale University Law School and Referee of the Juvenile Courts of Los Angeles County.

Inasmuch as this is one of the League's most popular questions of study, it is urged that you make your luncheon reservations at Pine Inn as soon as possible.

+ + +

MAJOR RALPH COOTE BUYS ESTATE AT HIGHLANDS

Notice that new road construction off the highway just beyond the Highlands Inn. That's Major Ralph Coote. That is, it's Major Coote's activity, or adventure. He's getting himself a way up to the so-called Sutro property. And why, Mr. Bones, is Major Coote getting himself a way up to the so-called Sutro property? Because he has bought the so-called Sutro property, the whole two acres of it. Eventually he's going to build himself and Mrs. Coote a home up there. You know the property—beautifully terraced place on which stood the big Sutro home until, about six years ago, it burned to the ground.

Bill Irwin Gets Critic's Praise

Alfred Frankenstein, art critic of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, spoke of the painting by Bill Irwin in the current show at the San Francisco Museum—the San Francisco Art Association's 58th Annual—as "eminently successful in atmosphere and suggestion."

We have been maundering up and down in front of Tilly Polak's window, having our own little admiration sessions with Bill's work. We think it far the freshest, by a long distance of the greatest promise, of any new local work we have seen in our four years here. Originality is a plus value in life and in art and we think Bill has it. We hope he will cherish it with the humility of spirit it should engender. The vocabulary of the land he works in is rich indeed and some of its great terms are at his command. With this vocabulary he is forthright and earnest. With courage it can be built up to the sparing intensity of focus that makes good into great. —L. S.

+ + +

Anna Katz gave a party for her son, Martin, last Friday at 3:30 o'clock at John and Mitzi's Marionette Studio to celebrate his ninth birthday. The guests were Mildred McIntyre, Betty Ball, Barbara Stoney, June Delight Canoles, Frances Koepp, Tommy Hefling, Donald Koepp, Danny Ball, Tommy Leech and Jimmy Allan.

+

Bud Marble came up from Southern California to spend last weekend here with his family, the Eugene Marbles.

ALL
DRESSED
UP

BUNNIES
DUCKLINGS
CHICKS

Soft and Furry or
Shiny Oilcloth at

Jack and Jill Shop

Gay Easter Frocks
at 2.95

Handmades
for Little Maids
at 1.75

+

JAUNTY JERSEY COATS
BEACH COATS

+

SPORT TOGS
for
BOYS
and
GIRLS

Antiques

COMPLETE SETS OF BOHEMIAN GLASS
ENGLISH PERIOD FURNITURE
SILVER

MRS. WICK W. PARSONS

Lincoln bet. Ocean and Seventh
Carmel

Easter Parade . . .

of

HATS • COATS
ACCESSORIES
AFTERNOON AND
EVENING
GOWNS

by the

Irene Lucien Shop

Edith Smythe • Maud Jenkinson

OCEAN AVENUE
Near Dolores

Tau Mu Fashion Show Attracts Society

We've just come from the Tau Mu Fashion Show and Bridge Tea at Pebble Beach Lodge. It's still Tuesday to us but we seem to be going round and round with 21 dresses and a box of hats and 300 women exclaiming politely in undertones and a plate of sandwiches (to be truthful, we got two plates of sandwiches from Franz) and a deadline pushed up suddenly 24 hours earlier than usual.

With this dizzy prelude, we remember Gibson girl tops to hoop skirts and old-fashioned bonnets with black velvet ribbons and pink roses, besides a tailored white silk two-piece dress that went by with a skirt and came back in shorts. (And the show was not in the bar!)

Once in Naples we saw a piece of coral that was like no other piece of coral anywhere, so luscious and "ripe" it was. But it sailed by today on Kathleen Brownell, and it was a box jacket made of sharkskin . . . so you never can tell.

And there were white chrysanthemum petals on rose silk that had that oriental softness we've seen on Japanese panels . . . something smooth as skin about it, and soft as if it was a color half-forgotten.

There used to be a time when we wore Mary Janes and a middy blouse with a big square blue collar that had a white anchor in each of the two corners. And there it was today on Kay Bate, wearing "Annapolis"

I don't know . . . but, somehow, we get used to dresses being a hundred different ways every season . . . having short skirts with pleats or long skirts with ruffles (or divided skirts with slits) and imaginative prints (like maps or leaves or germs) and safety pins for buttons (or corks or biscuit-cutters or sea horses or kindergarten wooden beads) and tight short sleeves or leg-o'-mutton puffs (or no sleeves and lingerie straps instead) and borrowed boleros (or Cossack coats or Cuban shirts or beer garden jackets).

And we get used to 16 pockets on a dress (or make-believe ones that don't open at all) and we put up with styles that show even our vaccinations . . . *but there is something difficult about getting used to funny hats.* Maybe it's because we can't help seeing ourselves in the hats whereas the dresses need three-dimensional effects to give us full amazement value.

Remembering the whimseys of a very recent season, as well as the threats of returning Floradoras or a basket of vegetables from Kip's market, or an eagle's eyrie, we may go after this Easter's hats breathing easily.

We have no doubts about Engracia millinery. We're sure it is the blithe and bonny millinery of the moment. And there are no incredible "surprises." Yes, this afternoon there were some sentimentals among the eager little whiffs of sailors that went past our table, where we were munching two platefuls of thin sandwiches and watching out of the corner of our eye, unless we were taking a third or fourth look . . . you see, we hung around the Ynez shop all week and we were in the dressing rooms before the show, and besides, we'd been back-shop in Engracia's . . . and besides we had missed our lunch one way or another.

All the street hats were smaller than last summer's cartwheels. They were "sailors" because they had stiff, straight brims (or slightly, very slightly, rolled under in a mushroom way, or turned up like saucers) but they were a rather small and short-brimmed, medium-crowned, brisk sort of hat. One was tied with a veil under the chin. Another was tied back of the hair bun. They were nip and tuck as to trimming. They were either extremely prim with narrow grosgrain ribbon, tailored flat, or they were sentimental with pink roses clustered in front. And there is something too provocative about veils to let them go after only one season . . so they stay.

And if you think that summer hats are only made of straw, you are going to be the first to wear a seersucker. But there are linens, too—wide sombreros, stitched closely so they will not droop—because soft straws and drooped hats are *Not* in this season.

We didn't see any bird's nest hats—that is, birds, eggs, worms and all, but there is a new rough straw called Bird's Nest. In fact, there were names on everything this afternoon. Ynez showed 21 dresses from sports to satin in the evening, and every one had a name of its own. A as for Aztec, B as for Bystander, C as for Cossack Topper, D was missing but E as in Easter Prelude, etc. (P as in Piquante which Geraldine Spreckles wore beautifully.)

There's really only one way for you ever to find out what Ynez and Engracia showed this afternoon and that is to lift the latches at these two Carmel shops and say, "The fashion show was wonderful but it went by so fast I didn't get half time enough to look, and the fashion review in THE CYMBAL was too much about sandwiches so won't you please show me the things all over again?" (Of course this won't do if you wait a minute longer . . . you see, the fashion show was Tuesday afternoon and you're reading this on Friday . . . and there was Wednesday and Thursday ahead of you.

By the way, the models were Elve Arehart, Kay Bate, Kathleen Brownell, May McIndoo, Barbara Murphy and Geraldine Spreckels.

And, saving the most important for the last, it looked to us as if Tau Mu made a successful day of it, judging by the overflow on the terrace after the lounge and dining room were crowded out. We're glad.

Tau Mu does some of the most helpful work on the Peninsula and gives generous assistance to girls who seek their aid. Hazel Tice, president, receives the bouquet. And Joy McLean, who worked hard with a grand committee to help her, will have to step up to the platform and have a gardenia pinned on her, also.

—KATHRYN WINSLOW

LILTS FROM LILLICO

Lately there has been a loud hammering noise coming from the neighborhood of Margaret Lang's. We wondered if it could be Mrs. Arnold's knitting needles flying rapidly over the new suit she is knitting for her granddaughter, Sally, but it was a more deafening "bang." And then the truth flipped out of Margaret Lang's house in the form of a pewter buckle with a most fascinating design on it. It seems that Margaret pounds pewter for a hobby and now she is making belt buckles which are very, very lovely. It does make quite a bit of noise, this pounding business, but I'm sure if the neighbors would see the finished product, they would be more than delighted to bang a bit themselves.

+

"Topaze" was a great success and everyone had more than fun. The costumes which Mary Henderson wore were a sensation, especially the way Mary wore them. Eleanor Irwin slashed up several of her old formals and what-nots and made the complete wardrobe of four lovely gowns out of pieces of things. Why were not more of us born clever?

+

Did you ever think what a Fireplace does to your morale? No matter how cold it is outside, a fireplace warms your heart and soul. You can sit on the floor in front of it and still not appear like a child. All alone at night you sit in a large armchair with the fire crackling (not the chair) and feel not alone, but entirely in sympathy with the darting flames. They fill the room, though they stay in the fireplace, if they are well-trained flames. Of course, there are a great number of untrained flames and that is why we have a fire department, but flames should be kept in their place. However, flames do not live long and one cannot blame them for wanting to see as much of the world as possible while they are leaping about. That is why so many of them leap right up the chimney and start dancing around on the shingles.

+

Then there is this newspaper business which we all have. We get up in the morning shivering and flee madly to build a fire. We pick up the paper and see MADAME SUSEEKEW TO SHOW NEW HAIR STYLES. We immediately begin to read about curls higher and curls lower. Then we see a pattern for which we can send 15 cents and it will be sent to us. Shivers begin again when the news gets uninteresting and so we build the fire. Later we put some new paper on the sink-board and stand for hours reading the news of November, 1937. Even when we mop the floor and put the newspapers there to keep it clean until dry, we find our bodies stretched over the floor reading something we missed when the paper was comparatively recent. How much faster housework would be finished if we had nothing but plain meat market papers with which to encourage so many domestic duties.

—ADRIENNE LILLICO

Engracia

DISTINCTIVE MILLINERY
FOR EASTER

Lincoln Avenue near Seventh
Carmel

EASTER PREMIERE

Tau Mu Fashion Show

EXCLUSIVELY
BY

Ynez ☆ Gowns

Ocean Avenue near Post Office
Carmel

Besides the Lovely Things

FOR SPORTS, AFTERNOON
AND EVENING WEAR

Anna Katz

is showing the

HOPSACKING DIRNDL

. . . the peasant dress adapted to designs of the Tongan Tribe from way down in black Africa. Shimmering colors on natural hopsacking . . . many styles from which to choose . . . all sizes . . . doesn't wrinkle or crush . . . sunfast

Anna Katz
OCEAN AVENUE
CARMEL

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Domino Yates and *Skippy* Smith are two of Carmel's canine citizens who, though they had nothing "on" the Grand National at Aintree several weeks ago, are very pleased that the American horse, *Battleship*, won. For *Domino* has a silver cup and a big, blue horse show rosette that were worn by his great grandfather, *Firefly*, two years in succession at the road trials at the Horse Shows given by Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott, owner of *Battleship*. Mrs. Scott held these horse shows every year at her Montpelier, Virginia, estate and *Domino's* great grandfather, *Firefly*, and great granduncle, *Ben Bush*, used to come with Mrs. C. Halstead Yates from their estate, Oak Ridge, to compete in the road trials.

Domino regards these trophies with pride and a little envy—for he says how could he ever expect to learn to run under a trap with high stepping show horses when he has seldom seen even a riding horse.

Skippy Smith's elation is due to the fact that his master, Howard E. Smith, the famous artist, painted a portrait of *Battleship* showing him as he went to the post at Belmont Park just before he won the American Grand National in 1935.

Incidentally, it was *Skippy* who adopted Howard Smith. He is a very discriminating dog and when he saw the Smith car and called to mind that the Boston *Transcript* had called Mr. Smith "one of America's greatest portrait painters" and the New York *Times* referred to him as "the American Munning" he decided that a man who painted animals that well must like them, and therefore would make a good master—so *Skippy* jumped into the car and became one of the family. He hasn't regretted his decision.

+

Miss *Patty* Henderson celebrated her third birthday last week, and a very successful affair it was, too, for she received many nice presents and some lovely new ribbon bows for her neck in colors most flattering to her titian tresses. Her second birthday, she recalled, was not so much fun, for her at least. To be sure, she had a party and a cake with two candles on it and invited all the neighbors—but *Patty* had to sit out in the patio and watch the guests through the door as they ate up all the cake. So, naturally, she enjoyed this year's celebration much more.

Many happy returns, *Patty*.

+

Rudy Darling is a gentleman of a by-gone day—the day when his namesake, Rudolph Valentino, the immortal lover of the silver screen spelled Romance for the women of America. Now *Rudy* is a somewhat portly little old fellow of sixteen years, and subject to amnesia. In fact, his ailment nearly held up the third performance of "Topaze."

Rudy, who lives with the Darlings in Monterey, had gone down to the Big Sur with one of the boys on a trip. Due to the excitement or over-exertion he had one of his amnesia spells and wandered off. Young Darling hunted high and low for *Rudy* but couldn't find him. So he came back home to get the rest of the family to aid in the search. Mollie Darling, who played the school marm in the play, joined in the search for her missing pet and hunted him for hours. *Rudy* turned up just in time for Mollie to dash back to Carmel for the opening curtain.

+

Carlo Kuhn, known to his intimates as "Jamface," has been adopted by the Hatton Martins and now lives up the Valley, for his former owner, Santa Kuhn, has left for the East. *Carlo* is quite pleased with his new home, though he was sorry to leave the village and his many friends here.

Perhaps you can come back for a visit, *Carlo*.

SCHOOL ASSEMBLIES

By OTTO W. BARDARSON

(*"Assemblies" is the seventh in a series of articles by Otto W. Bardarson,, principal of Sunset School, on the principles and techniques of the curriculum used at the school.*—Ed.)

The assembly period provides a medium through which we may unify the school in undertaking to promote and to carry out worthwhile endeavors, in strengthening morale, motivating class room work, and in creating a desire for and appreciation of that which is fine and wholesome in art, music, and drama. The assembly programs provide an opportunity for individual pupils to acquire poise, to develop in self-expression, and to improve their diction. The audience should be the chief beneficiary in gaining something of inspirational and educational value. The assembly programs are planned for the year to enable each class to present some phase of work, activity, or drama.

In planning the program the teachers are asked to bear in mind the following objectives:

1. The program should have intrinsic value, be instructive and inspirational.
2. It should be marked by simplicity. The action should not be confusing. The speech of the children should be clear and interpretative.
3. The production should be natural, balanced, and artistic.
4. We are trying to avoid extrinsic or "common" type of production. In so far as is possible each grade should contribute equally to the general assembly program.
5. The following suggestions are offered for the Student Body assemblies:

a. Advisory or classroom teachers to present assembly objectives to pupils so that they will have a thorough understanding of the high standards necessary to make the assemblies valuable.

b. Student Body officers should be carefully coached in parliamentary procedure.

c. Plan of program should be carefully worked out and well in hand. Timing should be good.

d. Talks should be well prepared. Responsibility for preparation and coaching should be fixed.

e. Talks on assembly objectives and conduct should be given by pupils.

f. The morale should be so good that proper attention can be secured immediately.

g. The programs in general should provide pupil participation, be well timed, inspirational and educational to the audience.

The assembly programs presented in the Sunset School are of a varied nature. A number of plays presented have been written by the children or by the teachers. This allows closer integration with class work and is considered a valuable aid to effective teaching. Each grade or class is expected to give at least one performance during the year. Classes rarely give more than two performances. With each class contributing one or two performances our assembly schedule is adequate and does not impose a hardship on any one class.

The Student Body meets once a month and reviews the work of its various committees. The children acquire ability and poise in dealing with problems and the meetings promote a feeling of cooperative effort in behalf of the school.

There are occasional special assemblies presenting music or dramatic performances, educational pictures, or an outside speaker.

We feel that the assembly programs have a definite place in our curriculum, and that they are justified on the basis of their worth to the children participating and to the audience. Every child should have the opportunity to appear before groups in order to acquire the self-possession and control which will be an invaluable contribution to his effectiveness as an adult.

+ + +

Abalone Teams Now Even-Up

No one can complain about the division of victory and glory so far in the Abalone League series of baseball games for the 1938 season. Each of the four teams has one successful sortie to its credit, and each has bowed in abject defeat.

Last Sunday, on the Mission Tract field, which, to the continued chagrin of the Carmel Realty Company, Winsor Josselyn persists in calling the Walker tract, the Sham-calling the Walker tract, the *Shamrocks* trod on the *Giants*, 14 to 9, and the *Tigers* humbled the *Pilots*, 16 to 9.

Gale Alderson of the *Giants* and Fred Warren of the *Pilots* took the hitting honors this last week-end with 100 per cent efficiency at bat. Alderson stood up to face the pitcher four times and connected safely four times, and Warren made five trips to the plate and slammed out five hits. Charlie Van Riper and Joyce Whitcomb also connected safely for each of three times at bat.

Captain Gordy Campbell (candidate for council and one of our favorites for the place) connected with a pitched ball for a round of the bases for his *Pilots*.

There was an unusually good crowd of kibitzers Sunday and the weather was better for standing around and watching the players cavort.

MANY PARTIES PLANNED FOR EASTER DANCE

Several parties have been made up for the Easter Dinner Dance at the Mission Ranch Club Saturday night, April 16, at 9 o'clock. The Club's nine-piece orchestra, under the direction of David Eldridge, will furnish the music and the decorations will be in keeping with the season.

Dorothy Seeley-Smith and Betty Work were the winners in women's doubles at the club's badminton tournament while winners of mixed doubles were Ivy Van Cott and Wendall Nicolaus. The men's doubles have not yet been played off. A buffet supper will be served Sunday night to entrants of the tournament.

Winners of the bridge tournament Monday night were John Thompson and Thom Neikirk.

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Red Cross Will Send Delegates

Fifteen delegates to the national convention of the American Red Cross, to be held in San Francisco in May, will be named by the board of directors of the Carmel Chapter at a meeting scheduled for next Wednesday. Radio addresses will be made at the convention by President Roosevelt, head of the Red Cross; by His Excellency Lord Tweedsmuir, governor-general of Canada, and the Honorable Lazaro Cardenas, president of Mexico.

Miss P. Leslie King, executive secretary of the Carmel chapter, reports to us that there is an increasing need for clothing and shoes locally, and bedding and mattresses can be used. Send in what you have without troubling to make any special effort to clean them. They will be thoroughly renovated by the Red Cross before sending out.

+ + +

LEGION AUXILIARY WILL INITIATE TUESDAY

Many out-of-town guests are anticipated for the American Legion Auxiliary initiation to be held this Tuesday evening, April 12, at the Legion Hall. Mrs. Helen Storm of Watsonville will be in charge. Following the initiation a buffet supper will be served in the lounge, with the arrangements in charge of Mrs. Verne Regan.

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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Last week's notes of the sardine fishing industry of Monterey were no news for Mrs. Lloyd. She has had to hear oft-repeated accounts of fishing for about four years now; and it seems she is doomed to hear them over and over again for a few more years.

However, this was to be a column this week on Monterey's fresh fish industry, one that is overshadowed in quantity and value by the sardines, but a very considerable part of the life of Monterey. The value during the past year has been set roughly at a third of a million dollars.

As an industry, the fresh fish or hook-and-line fishery is fairly dry statistically. It would be better for the reader to view it in terms of men against the sea, for in this fishery it is often a battle of a one-man unit, a small boat, frequently underpowered, barely adequate, that rides to the fishing grounds.

A hard day's work with long trawls or hand lines may bring in what are called "day wages," a couple or three or four dollars, sometimes nothing.

But no matter how dismal the prospects usually are, there are times when the lone fisherman, driving against the sea his little mobile kingdom, his humble commercial boat, makes the killing so necessary to maintain the solvency of his operations.

This may be a half ton or ton, rarely more, of bright red rock cod, selling for four cents a pound, a ton of salmon at ten cents, a ton and a half of albacore at nine cents. What is the value of those catches? Anywhere from $120 to $270, unless, as most frequently happens, the fisherman is robbed of some of his fish by the buyer, or concedes to the buyer, as a kind of favoritism, a hundred pounds or more, in exchange for more frequent assignment.

These are the glistening lures to bring in fishermen who might earn more as hired crew on the drag-boats, especially since advancing unionization has made the wages and conditions more attractive.

The general opinion regarding unpaid-for fish, is that the Italians are the best in gaining favoritism, the Japanese the craftiest at outright stealing. Of the latter there is ample proof in the heavy fines Japanese dealers sometimes have to pay for having their scales set to weigh short, when buying, perhaps long, when selling.

What are Monterey's fresh fish? Cold-water fish like salmon, Chinook or King, and Silverside; caught in these waters only by trolling on flashing spoons or bait. Smelt, large Jack or small "surf fish," caught in nets or by tiny hooks baited with beefsteak. Rock cods of more than a hundred varieties, three or four of which dominate the market, caught near rocks by long set lines. Warm water fish, the albacore and bluefin tunas, rarely barracuda, by "gigging," seasonally white sea bass in gill nets.

Then, too, there are the flat fishes, halibut, flounder, turbot, sole, sanddab, mostly caught by drag boats, tugs which scrape the sea floor with a heavy net, destroy spawning grounds and spawn, so that depletion follows in their wake.

As the fishermen themselves often quote, "The fish got along all right without the fisherman."

But, in the sea, there is depletion and depletion. Drag boats may destroy fish and spawn and spawning grounds. Huge nets may take whole schools. Over-fishing of rocks may reduce seriously, over a long period of time, the supply of rock cod. But salmon, most furious followed from Monterey, the most southern salmon grounds of the Pacific, into farthest Alaska, by trollers, gill-netters, seiners, fish traps, Indian and Eskimo spears, is endangered only by the advance of civilization.

With the building of cities, timbering of the forests, draining into streams and rivers of sewage and industrial wastes, dredging of the beds, as much as from over fishing and trapping, the salmon vanish. A sad remnant is the great run of Chinooks in the Sacramento river, a race dying in the face of progress, fighting as perhaps only salmon can fight, to survive.

But the dirty Sacramento river is a far cry from the little blue-trimmed, white-hulled Italian boats that race out of Monterey, frequently accompanied by the brown-trimmed boats of the Japanese, the black-trimmed Portuguese boats, and the grey-trimmed, or grey-hulled, boats of the few Nordics.

They range the Bay of Monterey for crabs, cod fish, rock cod, mackerel, salmon or smelt. They roam down the coast, sometimes to San Simeon or Piedras Blancas, for rock cod for Monterey. Or a hundred miles, north, south, and generally south-westerly, for albacore, all to go to Monterey's wharves to the groaning of a winch that may be heard at three or four in the morning or five in the afternoon, whenever boats come home.

And what do you pay for these fish? A rock cod may be had for ten cents a pound on the wharf, whole. The fisherman got four. Salmon may be thirty or forty cents sliced, "two-bits" a pound "round." The fisherman did well if he got ten cents. Sea bass, in season, late fall, goes for twenty-five cents. The fisherman may have got nine.

But how else could the dealers afford those nice new cars? The fisherman's price has been hard-won by years of wrangling, months on strike. The dealer's price came by way of monopoly, for he has cornered the wharf, and Monterey's city fathers, backed by ordinance, see that the monopoly is preserved.

But however fine the dealer's car, the fisherman's boat may well be worth twice as much, "as is, where is," and the first cost may have been three to five times as much. Where the dealer shells out $900 for a good car, an equally good boat may be a bargain for $1800, and ten years old. But both still find it possible to go on living and succeeding side by side, friendly in spite of eternal wrangling, daily reviling.

They even attend each other's funerals.

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Nursery School Now Has Quota Of Children

The quota of 15 pupils will be attending the Peninsula Mothers' Association Nursery School on the Monday after Easter. The secretarial and financial matters of the school are being taken care of until September by Mrs. Catherine Smith whose treasury report shows that there is nearly $100 in the bank.

At the regular monthly meeting of the association at the Community Church Friday night, talks were given by Henry Ongerth and Mrs. Millard Klein, besides the reports from the various committees. As chairman of the program committee, Mrs. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., announced that the committee will sponsor discussion groups under Mrs. Klein to start Monday evening, April 18, at Sunset School and to continue for six weeks thereafter with a discussion every week. However, unless there are 10 people who are interested in the discussion groups it will be impossible to have them. These are open to the public. Others on the program committee are Mrs. Joe Smith and Mrs. E. Frederick Smith. Mrs. Harold Mosher of the membership committee has announced that work is being done on the constitution for the association and a membership drive will go on before Fall. It was announced that Mrs. Walter Nielsen gave a luncheon which brought four dollars to the association and six other women are willing to give luncheons to raise money.

The elimination of pools of water and taking care of the pools so that they are not fit for mosquitoes are two ways to get rid of the pests, according to Henry Ongerth, of the Monterey County Health Department. Ponds should be oiled, drained or supplied with fish, and it is necessary to get the cooperation of each individual to accomplish the task. Ongerth also told the mothers that this was a problem of pest control rather than health menace.

Mrs. Klein chose as her topic, "Adapting the Home to the Toddler." She went through a child's day, telling what accommodations should be made to the child, and how the home could be made pleasurable, comfortable and safe. Mrs. Klein said "patience and imagination are two qualities that a parent needs more than all others" and these qualities are particularly necessary in making the home happy for a child.

The next business meeting of the association will be held on the first Friday in June at the Community Church.

+ + +

ROBLES DEL RIO, MUCH GLORIFIED, TO OPEN; POOL NOW READY

Robles del Rio Lodge will open April 25 for the summer season, according to Frank B. Porter, whose voice wafted the information down to us from 12 miles up the valley. But the heated swimming pool will be ready for you tomorrow. E. H. Stewart will be in charge of the Lodge this year, assisted by Mrs. Stewart. The two of them know a great deal about this sort of thing. The Lodge has been completely renovated and newly-furnished and one of the surprises in store for you is the new cocktail lounge. There are also six additional guest cottages. Frank D'Amaral has swell riding horses and ponies for children and outdoor games equipment has been installed.

Sally Looks With Much Skepticism At Carmel's New Art Exhibit

As usual we slipped into the Carmel Art Gallery at closing time to see the April exhibit. And as we slipped, we heard the most beautiful music issuing from the interior. We sank down on a bench and sat there wondering what we'd done during the day to deserve such lovely sounds. We hadn't even performed our Girl Scout good deed for the day. And then Janie Otto came tiptoeing out of her living room, took our hand, and led us back to see Mike Maskiewitz sitting at the piano, and with that wonderful touch of his, rambling through various compositions. We wanted just to sit like *Ferdinand* and listen, but realized that it was an art show we had come to see.

A glance around the gallery was very disappointing. This show is not up to the Art Association's usual standard. Perhaps because so many of the artists have one-man shows out. Many of the pictures were in last month's exhibit and the small canvasses which were dotted about made an unpleasing arrangement.

You can always count on Burton Boundey to have something fine and his "Houses by the Sea" came in that category. It is a small mellow canvas with good use of yellows and greens and a swell blue ocean in the background. We felt the same way Janie Otto did about this picture. She said that no matter where she might be in this wide world, if she saw "Houses by the Sea" it would make her homesick for Monterey. The spirit of Monterey *does* live in the canvas.

George Kotch's "Souwester" is a particularly nice marine, with his usual ability to get feeling into a canvas. The wave spraying up, a little to the right of center, gave us that hollow sensation that we get when we're standing on a rock watching the ocean. It is a real, honest-to-goodness wave, and if you don't believe us, you should look at it too.

John O'Shea's "Town of Valdez" is a scattered-looking affair which doesn't seem to pull together at all. It gives the general effect of a relief map. His use of color is sketchy and uninteresting, and we had the feeling that another frame would have improved matters tremendously. It was a light frame, which should have been darker and narrower. But O'Shea's portrait of Martin Flavin held us spellbound for some time. It was an excellent portrait with a clear yellow background. The yellow shirt and the light red coat textured with vermilion and burnt sienna shadowed made a striking color combination.

Done in oil on gesso, John Langley Howard's two paintings more or less glorified labor. His "Cannery Worker" we first passed by as being uninteresting, but when we sat down and really looked at it, we found that the expression on the girl's face made up for whatever else we did not like. His "Two Fishermen" was a fine thing.

William Hyde Irwin always uses his colors well as he has in "Eli in a Corner." But we think Bill should stick to watercolors, when he does watercolors so marvelously, for it seems a waste of time for him to use oils. The composition in this is fine.

We had to give up for a while because Chopin simply did not fit any of the pictures and Chopin was much too lovely to miss. When we managed to pull ourselves together after that, our eye was caught by a Paul Whitman entitled "Out of the Fog." The gaunt, stark cypress tree stretches out over the whole canvas and there are two figures standing by the tree. It is a strong and very fascinating picture framed with a narrow gold frame which is very right.

Alice R. Comins has two pictures hung. "The Cove" is a modern bright canvas. It is a queer combination of delicate and strong colors, with a pleasing handling of blue. "The Old Coast Road" is more consistently delicate, and her lavendars are lovely. The painting couldn't depress you even on your bluest Monday.

Henrietta Shore has caught the spirit of Jean Charlot in her portrait of him. And we really went for the background of silver grays. It is an interesting and unusual canvas.

Abby Lou Bosworth has three paintings hung. Two were in last month's show and the third is "Murphy's Barn," which is a nice, rather large painting. We shouldn't quibble, but can see no reason why she always leaves out telephone wires.

Armin Hansen's "Still Life" doesn't look like his work at all. It is a dead canvas with a wishy-washy effect. On the contrary his "North Sea Fishermen" is one of the finest things in the exhibit. It is a tiny painting with the richest colors and the finest composition. It is one of the few things that we would really like to own.

In "Desert Mountain," M. De Neale Morgan has used the purple of shadows very well and the sunlight is very effective.

Other exhibitors are Edda Heath, William Ritschel and Richard Taggert.

—SALLY FRY

+ + +

Mrs. F. M. Hilton, a frequent visitor to Carmel, from Scarborough-on-Hudson, left Carmel early this week after spending several months here as the guest of La Playa Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Stockard and their daughter, Louise, from Detroit spent several days at La Playa Hotel this week before continuing on to Santa Barbara.

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Edgar Bryant left Carmel recently for parts unknown. He may be back soon or he may be sending post cards from Borneo.

+

Bob Caldwell from Stanford University came down with John Campbell to spend last week-end in Carmel.

+

Edward Weston has received his second Guggenheim award and, according to a recent letter, will be "traveling off and on all year."

+ + +

If you know something you think The Cymbal ought to know, telephone Carmel 77 and tell us.

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Budapest String Quartet Here On April 16

The Budapest String Quartet is to play in Carmel on April 16. This will be the last of this year's concerts given by the Carmel Music Society and may well be one of the finest heard in many years on the Peninsula.

The reputation of the Budapest has mounted to astonishing proportions and their first world tour resulted in such great demands for

re-engagements that they are now familiar fixtures in the concert halls all over the world. The sum of their performance — fine instruments perfectly balanced, great playing subordinated to the group, and brilliant interpretation—has produced a popular demand for this quartet extraordinary in the history of chamber music.

It is more than possible that their fine sense of program making is partly responsible for this popularity but whatever the cause it remains a fact that this quartet has had much to do with the growing demand for chamber music in the East. Their perfect playing, free from any academic touch, has done probably more than anything else to show the public the tunefulness of the great music written for string quartets and the program chosen for Carmel is an unusually melodious one.

+ + +

CARMEL GARAGE HAS NEW BUICK SHOWING

Louis Levinson of the Carmel Garage is showing people the new Buick in his window and saying he is proud of it, but he'll sell it if anybody makes a strong demand therefor. The Peninsula Automobile Company of Monterey is cooperating with the Carmel Garage in this Carmel showing of the new Buick. Levinson will also tell you that Buicks are selling so fast that the agency here on the Peninsula is getting quite a number of good cars in exchange as part payment. You would be interested, he says, in some of these.

+ + +

Gertrude Brawner, a Douglas School senior, spent last week-end at Stanford where she attended the Senior Prom as the guest of her cousin, Franklin Lindsey.

+

Sue Brownell, student at the University of California, and Mary Campbell of Piedmont plan to be in Carmel for five days next week.

+

Mrs. L. A. Nares is spending a few days in Fresno. On her return she will move into the Chidester house on Carmelo.

Heron To The City Council Of Bechdolt, Campbell and The Cymbal Urges Election

(Continued from Page One)

majority in that city council.

We *cannot* change the present state of affairs by sending Rowntree back.

We WILL continue the present state of affairs by sending Rowntree back.

This, in the light of the experience we have had in the past two years, is unthinkable.

The clean-up must be made and effectually. It can be made only by electing three entirely new men to the council.

And, as expediency must be considered in political matters, no matter whether we like to consider it or not, we must face clearly the undeniable fact that of the five remaining candidates, eliminating Rowntree, only Bechdolt, Campbell and Heron can be elected.

Ernest W. Aldrich, allowing for his personal merit, honesty and integrity and conscientious desire to aid Carmel, is not, we feel, sufficiently well known for him to expect a large vote among the electorate generally.

Edward L. Taylor, also admittedly a man of personal integrity and honesty, is too closely connected with the not-too-far-distant fight against Sunset School improvements and enlargement, to expect or warrant his getting a general support throughout the city.

We have, then, these three men, all widely and long known in the history of Carmel. Their personal honesty and integrity and conscientious desire to serve the city are above question.

They stand together, it is true, and on a ticket, but let's set forth that ticket in these columns once again:

Adoption of a Budget System by ordinance.

Elimination of legislative action in star-chamber sessions.

No more tap rooms in Carmel.

Preservation of the traditions, beauty and simplicity of Carmel.

Permanent preservation of the Carmel Beach as is.

Carmel city jobs for Carmel people when practicable.

Termination of illegal administrative functions by the council.

Candid and neighborly administration of city affairs.

What man or woman among you questions the wisdom and promise of that?

On those tenets and those alone do they announce themselves as standing together. Otherwise, and you know this if you know any of them well, they are rugged individualists. They will serve each other's ends only when those ends speak for the betterment of the city as a whole. Those of us who know them are certain of that.

And they promise us, as they have promised you if you have asked them, that no radical, or drastic change will be made in municipal personnel, or the municipal machinery of government, unless it is certain that the people of Carmel want that change.

And no initiative measures, far-reaching in effect, or of any important nature will be made by them if it is demonstrated that they are not favored by the people as a community.

They promise us a neighborly administration.

THE CYMBAL believes, and it believes that in your hearts you believe, that in that one statement of principle alone lies the answer to good government in Carmel. Surely, in the direct antipathy to it lies the answer to all the sins and derelictions, commissions and omissions of the present city council we MUST supplant.

—W. K. B

Henry Dickinson has returned with glowing accounts of the six weeks' trip that he and Mrs. Dickinson recently made to Mexico. They drove nearly two thousand miles in Mexico, spent two and a half weeks in Mexico City and visited Monterrey, Puebla, Taxco, Cuernavaca, Cordoba, Quitilo and many other places. We were interested in hearing Dickinson say that he saw no indication of any unfriendy spirit about the oil situation. Wonderful food, beautiful weather, fine hotels and auto camps more like palaces, were a few reasons why the Dickinsons liked Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Elkus and their son, Benjamin, from Palo Alto, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Raaf, at their home on The Point.

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Art Institute Is Formed

(Continued from Page One)

will study and work under the artist both indoors and out, using living models.

This class will begin work shortly after Easter and starting then the life and activities of the Institute will go ahead as applications warrant.

Plans are now being made for temporary but fixed quarters for the classes. Students will have the advantage of working in a studio which will be their permanent class room where, as Kitty puts it, they can "make a mess and leave it until they come back again."

On Wednesday afternoon of this week Mrs. Whitman put her proposal officially before the directors of the Carmel Art Association and received their unanimous approval. In talking to them she said:

"We have two very favorable facts to start with. The first is that so many very fine artists actually have their homes and live on the Peninsula. The other is that Carmel has always had the reputation of being an art center, and as such attracts students. There is also on the Peninsula a group of retired people, who, upon settling here, look about for something to do with their spare time, and who, I believe, would be interested in an active art center.

"The plan I have in mind is simple. Merely to provide classes in any branch of the arts and crafts for which there is the demand."

If you are interested communicate with Kit Whitman, P. O. Box A-1 (that's a nice box number for Kitty), Carmel, or telephone her at Carmel 618 and she will give you details.

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"East Lynne," that stirring, heart-rending drama of a mother separated from her husband and son, has been cast and will go on at the First Theater, Monterey, May 27, 28, 29, 30 and June 1, 2 and 3, produced by the Denny-Watrous management.

The cast is as follows: *Lady Isabelle*, Flavia Flavin; *Barbara Hare*, Rosalie James; *Cornelia*, Marion Todd; *Joyce*, Thelma Miller; *Wilson*, Betty Bryant; *Carlyle*, Gordon Knowles; *Levinson*, Ross Miller; *Lord Montsevern*, Billy Shepard; *Richard Hare*, Harry Hedger; *Bill*, Harold Gates, and *William*, Oliver Bassett.

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

Sunset School will have an Easter recess next week, April 11 to 15.

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Vaccination for smallpox will be given to those students whose parents desire it in the health office on Monday, April 18, the morning following the Easter holidays. The third diptheria immunization treatment will also be given on this morning. Dr. R. M. Fortier of the Monterey County Health Department is in charge of this work. Fifty-seven primary and pre-school children have started the diptheria treatment, according to Miss Florence C. Morrow, school health supervisor.

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Otto W. Bardarson, district superintendent, left Thursday afternoon for San Francisco to take part in the California Teachers Association conference which will be held in the Palace Hotel today. Bardarson will attend the business meeting of the C. T. A. State Council on Saturday, at which time he will make his report as chairman of the Committee on the Financing of Public Education.

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Organization of new intramural baseball leagues has been started at Sunset School, with games scheduled to begin immediately after the Easter vacation.

One league will be organized for the boys of the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades, and another for girls of the seventh and eighth grades. The boys' games will be played on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, beginning at 3:40. The girls will play on Monday and Wednesday afternoons at the same time.

There will also be informal games for boys of the fourth and fifth grades and girls of the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades.

It is the plan of the school, according to Bardarson, to afford every child an opportunity to participate in some form of recreational activity. Inter-school baseball games are being dropped in order to allow a more complete development of the school's recreational program.

Try a Cymbal classified ad, not once, but three or four times, and get the surprise of your life.

AN UNUSUAL OFFERING

1936 Packard Twelve

Fitted with a Dietrich Custom-Convertible Sedan Body. The car has had little use and, therefore, is in excellent condition

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CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

presents

Budapest String Quartet

Saturday, April 16, at 8:30 • Sunset Auditorium

Tickets $3 to 50c

On Sale at the Carmel Music Society Office

Telephone Carmel 62 or Mrs. Paul Flanders, 22

Only a

Few Days More

to enjoy these Deliciously Spiced Buns

Remember

It will be a whole year before they're back again

Carmel Bakery

Ocean Avenue • Telephone 331

Easter Baskets

Ned Ganett's home-made chocolate Easter Eggs and Novelties. Packed in hand decorated Easter Baskets

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The Poppy Candy Store

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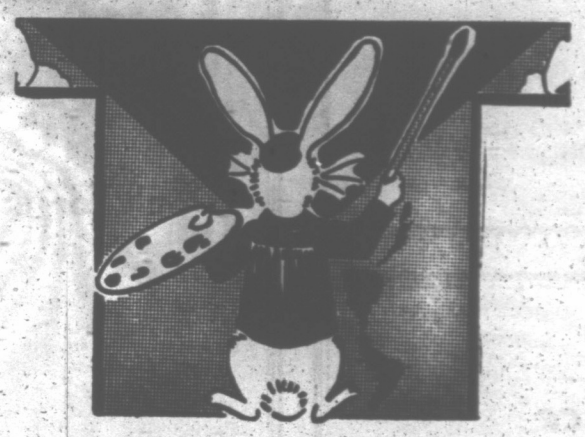
WHAT

is worth more than

Good Food?



Prime Steer and Baby Beef
Fresh-Dressed Colored Poultry
Jones' Hickory-Smoked Bacon and Ham
Swift's Premium and Sinclair's Fidelity Ham

Your Easter Table Deserves

Nielsen's Market

Lee Curtis, Manager

Dolores Street • Telephone 57

Easter STYLE FLASH!

NEW Jean Nédra DRESSES

3.98

To make you a sparkling, new person this spring! Softly feminine and trimly tailored styles for every occasion! New rayon crepes in bright prints and solid colors. Sizes 12 to 44.

Penney's

J. C. PENNEY COMPANY, INC.

Fifty Entries In P.G. Dog Show

More than 50 entries have been received for the Pacific Grove Kennel Club's Pet Show on the roof of Holman's tomorrow afternoon. Only 15 of these dogs are pets. The rest are pure breds. The entries were limited to 50 but more have come in, so that Holman's, who are doing everything they can to help the show, have put in extra stalls.

Mayor William Fiddes of Pacific Grove will open the show at 1 p.m. and the judging starts at 2 o'clock sharp. Judge will be J. A. West of the Del Monte Kennels. Besides the other prizes, Marian Kingsland has offered a cup for the best dog in the show. There will be prizes also for all breeds and for best among the nondescripts.

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Filmarte Offers New Thriller

The Rowland V. Lee production of the well-known stage play, "Love From a Stranger," with Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone in leading roles, begins Sunday at the Filmarte.

The story casts Miss Harding in the role of a pretty secretary who wins the sweepstakes, meets a handsome stranger in the person of Basil Rathbone and marries him after a whirlwind courtship in Paris.

The terrible discovery she makes about him after they are married leads to what has been described as the most breath-taking climax ever shown on the screen. It is for this reason that Manager Richard Bare requests that when you see it, please don't give it away to your friends.

Then, on Thursday, the film that has become an institution on the Monterey Peninsula, Alexander Korda's "Elephant Boy," begins its fourth engagement at the Filmarte, and goes into its 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st days. It is this film which has broken all records at the Filmarte, and holds the distinction of being the longest-played motion picture on the Peninsula.

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Today's The Day Sade's Opens

Today is the day to go down to Sadé's about 5 post meridian and say to Paul Swanson (loud, so he'll hear you above the rest of the crowd around the bar)—"Paul, give me a dry martini."

And along about "later" you can go upstairs for a charcoal-broiled porterhouse steak.

All this will be very comforting to any discrepancies the world may have made against you and you'll want to stay there indefinitely among the A.D.H. electrical equipment and new plumbing, the Belvail refrigerators and the Lewis Crane paint.

(Colin Alderman will have stopped sawing by that time and put everything back together again.)

And those three—Paul Dougherty, William Ritschel and Armin Hansen—will stare forgivingly down at you from their wall height of self-indulged caricature. (If there is a tie for honors on "whose is the best" it will be between Estelle Havens Monteagle for the Provincial interiors and the three gentlemen for their original and amazing oil portraits.)

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Bob Harnisch and Bob Lewis, who have been living in Monterey, moved into one of the Burnham cottages on Casanova this week. Harnisch is the young man who brightens feminine lives at the Standard Oil station on Ocean avenue.

Personalities & Personals

Clinton Owen was the host at a surprise party Saturday night in honor of Mrs. Owen and Mr. and Mrs. Hal Eastman, all four celebrating their twentieth wedding anniversaries. During the dinner at the Mission Ranch Club a four-piece Spanish orchestra played and Spanish dances were presented by Rose Funchess and Carole Canoles. The room was decorated with Spring flowers. Following dinner, the party adjourned to John and Mitzi's Marionette Studio where they saw the usual show and an extra skit with puppets made like Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Eastman. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Dick Ward of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lawrence and son, Jack, of San Francisco, Com. and Mrs. O. B. Earle of Calistoga, Mr. and Mrs. Lance Baird of Berkeley, Miss Margery Webster of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hughes of Salinas, the Nobles and Whipples of New York, Mr. and Mrs. John Abernethy, Mr. and Mrs. James Thoburn, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Cockburn and Mr. and Mrs Rannie Cockburn.

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Among the interesting visitors recently at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Francis Lloyd, have been Professor and Mrs. C. H. Best of the University of Toronto and the Banting Institute, where David Lloyd holds a Research Scholarship; Professor and Mrs. Adamson of the University of Capetown, South Africa; Professor and Mrs. Keys of McGill University; Dr. John Beattie, a long-time friend, and Hunterian professor in the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and successor to Sir Arthur Keith of world-wide fame; and Professor Dr. Fr. von Wettstein, professor of genetics in the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, Berlin, and formerly professor of botany and director of the Botanical Institute at Munich where Dr. Lloyd carried on his researches on insectivorous plants for so many years.

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MARY THEODOSIA BRALY, OF OLD CARMEL, DIES

Mrs. Mary Theodosia Braly, 83, died early Wednesday morning at her home here, after an illness of about five years. She was a native of the Santa Clara Valley near Saratoga, but built a house here 30 years ago on Seventh and Monte Verde when there was nothing between there and the beach. In fact, it was planned at that time to keep as a park all of Carmel between Monte Verde and the beach.

She leaves a daughter, Miss Edith Braly, Carmel, and a sister, Mrs. Ethel Blythe Cole, of Guerneville.

Funeral services, conducted by the Rev. Homer S. Bodley, will be held today at 1 p.m. in the Paul Mortuary chapel.

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Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

You can't advertise once in a blue moon and expect results. It's continuity of impression that counts in the long run. You're not talking to a mass meeting; you're talking to a parade.

\+ + +

For one dollar we'll deliver The Cymbal to you by mail anywhere in the far-flung domain of the United States for a whole year. For Two Dollars we'll send it to Czechoslovakia or Greenland or the French Riviera.

\+ + +

The Cymbal has more readers per copy than the New York Times; three-fourths as many as The New Yorker.

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT IS CARMEL NIGHT AT THE
HOTEL SAN CARLOS
MONTEREY
Dancing in the El Dorado Room
No Cover Charge
•
Delicious Sunday Dinner $1

FLOWERS
OF SPRING
are here

For Choice Selections of
Easter Flowers and
Plants
FLOR DE MONTEREY
217 Franklin Street
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It's Springtime!
MAY WE
HELP
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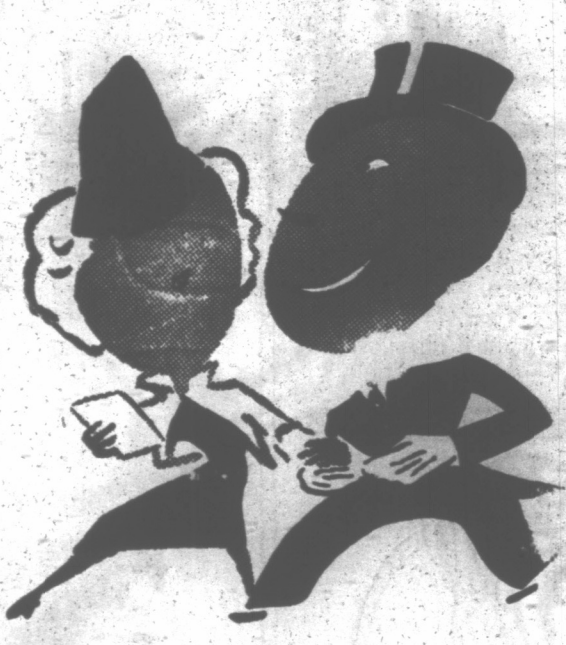
Concrete Work
Contracting
FOURTH AND MISSION
Telephone 124

EASTER
Dinner Dance
MISSION RANCH CLUB
SATURDAY, APRIL 16
8 P.M.
Floor Show • Mission Ranch Club Orchestra
Members 4.00 Couple
Non-Members 4.50 Couple
Telephone 103 for Reservations • Deposit Required



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YOUR BEST SUIT
to be
Cleaned and Pressed,
FOR EASTER
by
Carmel Cleaners
Dolores Street
Telephone 242

Just in Case... YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or ⅔ of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1265. Business licenses, 261.

Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is, therefore, 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Five members of the city council who, with their designated commissions, are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—William L. Hudson.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

Building Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector, License Collector—Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Earl Wermuth, Roy Praties, Douglas Rogers. Telephone 131.

Fire Department—Chief Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. New fire house, on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets, recently completed with aid of WPA. Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh avenues, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of $3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning property inside it. A deposit of $3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of the library.

The library board of frustees meets every second Tuesday of the month at 10:30 a.m. The meeting is open to the public.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERIES

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day or mornings and evenings by appointment. Call 327. Mrs. Clay Otto, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. The Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sunday, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints' Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. The Rev. Carel J. Hulsewé, rector. Telephone 230. Services: Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. The Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ, Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m. Reading room, south side of Ocean avenue between Lincoln and Monte Verde. Open daily from 11 to 5 and evenings (except Sunday and Wednesday) from 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5 o'clock.

THEATERS

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Filmarte Theater. West side of Monte Verde street between Eighth and Ninth avenues. Occasional plays by the Carmel Players. Amateur actors. Telephone 403.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Mountain View avenue, three blocks south of Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m. Sundays and holidays, 6:45 a.m. only.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 a.m.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh avenues. Telephone 630 or Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 312.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean and Seventh avenues. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Dolores and Seventh avenue. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library, and Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service. Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. South-east corner of Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15. Leave for Monterey, A.M.: 8:10, 9:15 and 11:45. P.M.: 12:45, 2:30, 3:45, 5:30 and 6:30. Leave Monterey for Carmel, A.M.: 9:00, 11:20. P.M.: 12:20, 1:30, 3:15, 4:30, 5:45 and 7.00.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. Northbound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:40 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 2:53 and 6:02 p.m. South-bound railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:53 p.m. Arrivals from north: 11:12 a.m., 6:52 and 9:51 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Pacific street in Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone Monterey 5887. Carmel information office, north-west corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey. Northbound, A.M.: 7:50, 9:35. P.M.: 1:05, 2:45, 4:20, 6:45. South-bound, A.M.: 9:00, 10:55. P.M.: 6:45, 10:10.

Arrivals at Monterey from Salinas and south, A.M.: 8:55. P.M.: 12:15, 6:30, 7:35, 9:20. From north, A.M.: 10:25, 11:15. P.M.: 12:20, 3:00, 4:20, 6:30, 7:35, 11:30.

Peter Mawdsley New Deputy

(Continued from Page One)

pointment by the council and the fixing of salary, Saidee voiced her gratitude for the assistance that has been given her during the past week or two by Birney Adams, building inspector.

"He has been a wonderful help to me," she said, "and I want you to know that I appreciate it deeply."

She then went on to explain in detail what Adams was doing for her and what he had done. Saidee stressed her appreciation to a great extent because she had previously said she would not accept Adams as a regular, or official deputy clerk, and that she insisted on Mawdsley. This insistence followed an offer previously made to her by the council of Adams' services. In open council she had refused them and last night, when Councilman Burge told her that help had been previously offered her, she said: "Oh, no it hasn't," meaning, apparently, that Adams' services weren't considered by her as "help."

Again Wednesday night representatives of the Christian Science Church were present to ask that something more definite and legal than a "special" permit be granted for the desired enlarging of the church auditorium. The city attorney will make an effort to do something about it and a public hearing on the zone law amendment was set for April 18 when the new council will be given an opportunity to discuss the matter and, probably, give the church what it desires and what the present council is as one in feeling that it should have.

Seventh avenue, between Santa Rita and Guadalupe, was officially closed by ordinance. The property is to be divided between the Forest Theater land and the Josselyn holdings, it being understood that a ten-foot path be established through the block for pedestrians.

Request from the Park and Playground Commission that George Whitcomb be re-appointed a member was acceded to by the council.

Protection for the Carmel dress shops against the invasion of outside concerns establishing show rooms here at certain seasons was discussed at length and it was finally decided that the city attorney should draft an amendment to the licensing law which would put the outsiders on a par with the local firms in the matter of cost to do business here.

City Attorney Billy Hudson said that in Monterey and Pacific Grove the $100 license deposit was interpreted as applying to such firms and was collected from those who established temporary, but fixed, sales rooms.

An amendment to the zoning law, providing for special privileges in the matter of garage locations, was passed on first reading. It provides that the council may allow garages to be built closer than 15 feet to the property line, but not less than 4 feet, if the houses they are to serve were built prior to the passage of the present law, June 5, 1929, and so constructed that a garage site cannot comply with the statute as is today.

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Tony Luhan, with that lonely, aloof air that characterizes his race, walked Ocean avenue for a few days last week. Mabel is in New York, tinkering with a manuscript for a new book. Tony was guest of the Jeffers' while here.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

BURGE NURSERY—Business property—2 lots fronting on San Carlos and Mission Streets-2 rentable stucco cottages—2 greenhouses and lath house. All nursery stock and equipment. $7,000 cash. See THOBURNS across from the Library. (14)

MARINE VIEW. Unfurnished 3-bedroom house. 2 baths. For rent by the year. BETTY JEAN NEWELL. Telephone 303. (14)

HOUSE containing 3 bedrooms and outside guest room; excellent condition; full gas equipment, sewer connections; lot 80 x 140 feet, all tightly fenced; partly furnished; 4 blocks from Ocean Avenue. $4250. Terms. Bostick & Wood. (14)

ATTRACTIVE FURNISHED home. Close in. 5 Bedrooms. 2 Baths. Central heat. For quick sale. A bargain. BETTY JEAN NEWELL. Telephone 303. (14)

SACRIFICE. Three choice level lots. Best section of Carmel Woods. One has 60-foot frontage. Two are 40 feet wide each. All 120 feet deep. Each $450. THOBURNS. Ocean Avenue, across from library. Telephone 333. (14)

$750 DOWN buys 2-bedroom home built only 4 years. Illness necessitates leaving peninsula. Must be seen to be appreciated. Price $3,750. GLADYS R. JOHNSTON. Ocean Avenue, near Lincoln. Telephone 98. (14)

HOUSES TO RENT

ATTRACTIVE 3-ROOM furnished cottage. Mountain View. After May 4. Box 864. Telephone 1215-W. (17)

LOST AND FOUND

GOLD WRIST WATCH with gold band last week in vicinity of Carmel Theatre. Call 538-W. (14)

WHO'S GOT MY GUN—my gun for splittin' stumps? I lent it to somebody—forgotten who. I need it now. C. F. Haskell. Tel. 240-W. (14)

$25.00 REWARD for return of tan-colored male Police Dog, strayed from Benedict home, Carmel Highlands, Thursday afternoon, March 31st. Answers to name "Husky." Weight 55 lbs., healed break in left hind leg near foot, large hazel eyes, very friendly. Tel. Carmel 3-R-11 or write RFD Box 147, Carmel, Calif. (14)

LOST WATCH—Will the person who ran the "lost watch" ad in The Cymbal last week please communicate with the office. We've found your watch, but lost your telephone number. (14)

FOR SALE Miscellaneous

FOR SALE BY OWNER. 1936 De Luxe Ford. 2-door Sedan. Radio. Excellent condition. $395. Telephone 586. (14)

MISCELLANEOUS

SHO-CARDS. Posters, Sign Lettering. Reasonable Rates. Dick Carter. Telephone 1404-J. (tf)

Cymbal classified ads cost 30 cents a line a month. A three-line ad costs 90 cents a month. And it goes places, is seen by people and does things.

McGaw-Knox Give Reading Here Tomorrow

Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox will present their final play reading of the season tomorrow night at the Filmarte Theatre at 8:30 o'clock. Carmel has been extremely lucky to have had the opportunity to hear the McGaws for the past two years, and will not soon again have the chance because they have signed a five-year contract with Clark Getts of New York and will go on an Eastern tour every year.

"Shadow and Substance" by Paul Vincent Carroll is the play to be presented tomorrow night. It was first produced in Ireland with an Irish cast and then produced in New York by Eddie Dowling, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Julie Haydon playing the leads. *Canon Skerritt*, preoccupied with classical values, is the Shadow of what the Church ought to be. His maid, *Brigid*, stubbornly maintaining that she is direct contact with her patron saint, is the real Substance.

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Anna Katz is giving a party for her son, Martin, this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock at John and Mitzi's Marionette Studio to celebrate his ninth birthday. The guests will be Mildred McIntyre, Betty Ball, Barbara Stoney, June Delight Canoles, Frances Koepp, Tommy Hefling, Donald Koepp, Danny Ball, Tommy Leech and Jimmy Allan.

TAXI?
CALL CARMEL 40
DAY OR NIGHT
Greyhound Lines Office
Dolores and Ocean Ave.

Pat Coblentz, a student at Mills College, has been spending this week in Carmel with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Coblentz, at their home on San Antonio.

Filmarte
CARMEL • MONTE VERDE AT EIGHTH • PHONE 403

FRI •
Final Day
Victoria the Great
Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook
"Year's best film"
N. Y. Daily News

SAT •
Baldwin McGaw
Emma Knox
Shadow & Substance
Stage Presentation
at 8:30 o'clock

SUN to WED •
Ann Harding
Basil Rathbone
Love From A Stranger
See this Once and
then think Twice before
falling in love

THURS to SUN •
April 14 to 17
again . . . Again . . . and AGAIN!
ELEPHANT BOY
FOURTH ENGAGEMENT
In its 18th, 19th, 20th and
21st Engagement
Days

Cast Is Chosen For Next Play At Filmarte

The rip-roaring comedy, "Three Men on a Horse," the April 28, 29, 30 and May 1 presentation of The Carmel Players, is practically cast and rehearsals are getting under way. The play, which ran over a year in New York, is as modern as tomorrow and full of hilarious lines.

The cast, so far, is as follows: *Audrey*, Barbara Bare; *Irwin*, Spud Gray; *The Tailor*, Fred Meagher; *Clarence*, Richard Bare; *The Boy*, Howard Levinson; *Harry*, Frank Hefling; *Charlie*, Del Page; *Frankie*, Artie Lane; *Patsy*, By Ford; *Mabel*, Geraldine Spreckels; *Gloria*, Agnes Shipley; *Al*, Robert Vance; *hotel maid*, Edith Frisbie, and *Mr. Carver*, Bill O'Donnell. *Moses* and the *Announcer* have not yet been cast.

Franklin Dixon and Col. Charles G. Lawrence will do the sets.

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WOMAN'S CLUB PLANS FOR ELECTION OF DIRECTORS

At the monthly meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club Monday afternoon at Pine Inn the nominating committee for next year's board was announced. This committee was chosen by this year's board to propose 11 names between now and the first of May for next year's board, and the names will be voted upon at that time. On the committee are Mrs. John Abernethy, Mrs. Coral Wreath Sly and Mrs. S. M. Baldwin.

Following the announcement, Robinson Jeffers' "Tower Beyond Tragedy" was read by Charles McCarthy who gave an interesting and stirring interpretation of the dramatic poem.

Pistol Club Opens New Range

The Carmel Pistol Club displayed its new range in the basement of the Carmel Garage to more than 75 enthusiastic friends at a range-warming last Monday night.

The range, constructed by members of the club themselves, and costing only about $200, which was paid for materials, was christened by the guests of honor, each of whom fired ten shots at six targets.

The honored first-shooters were Col. O. N. Ford, Hugh Comstock, Jimmie Williams, Dad Warner, Paul Funchess and Leonard Johnson. These six were picked out for various reasons which exalted them to be honored. Colonel Ford of Del Monte has donated most of the trophies which the club sharpshooters have pulled triggers to get. Hugh Comstock contributed much in materials and construction for the new range. Jimmie Williams provided headquarters for the club for a long time in the basement of the P. G. & E. building on Dolores street. Paul Funchess worked hard in the construction of the new range. Dad Warner and Leonard Johnson are original members and organizers of the club.

Present at the big affair Monday night were Capt. Ben Torres and 10 troopers of the state highway patrol. After the initiation of the range by the honored guests the state patrolmen were given a chance to try it out and banged away at targets until duty on the highways called them.

Then a match for all-comers was staged and Clifford Dale took first place with 91 out of a possible 100. Dave Ball was second with 90.

In a novelty match, in which the shooters fired at bustable targets, Dave Ball copped the prize with five hits out of five tries.

After this the guns ceased to roar and the club rooms were invaded and stripped of coffee and sandwiches.

All in all, it was a bang-up affair and the Carmel Pistol Club starts a new era with renewed vigor. The committee which staged Monday night's opening show comprised Dave Ball, Paul Funchess, Hugh Comstock, Leonard Johnson and W. G. White.

It is planned to have the range open to members two nights a week at the start and to increase the shooting chances as the membership grows. There are now 52 members of the club in good standing. The club has travelling medals for crack shots and offers a special medal to a shooter who has never previously won an award on a range.

Some of the state troopers present said Monday night that the Carmel range was one of the best in the West, and are looking forward to a coming match with the Carmel boys. A New Jersey team is negotiating with the Carmel club for a telegraphic match in the near future and Watsonville is sending over some of its trigger-pullers soon to test their marksmanship with the locals.

Officers of the Carmel Pistol Club are Charlie Guth, president; Dave Ball, vice-president; W. G. White, secretary-treasurer. These, with Hugh Comstock, Paul Funchess, Frederick Burt and Leonard Johnson, form the board of directors.

The club meets every second Tuesday in the month to handle business affairs.

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NEW OWNERS TAKE OVER TEXACO STATION

A bunch of the boys have gotten together over here on the corner of Seventh and San Carlos and are calling themselves Phil's Texaco Service. They are Phil Darnall, Bill Staniford and Grover Jordan. It seems that they have acquired from Mike Murphy the lease on the Texaco station and are now on their own. Phil and Bill are doing the car servicing, and Jordan attends to the mechanic ramifications of cars. Nice combination, likeable bunch of guys. Would appear to be a good place to go.

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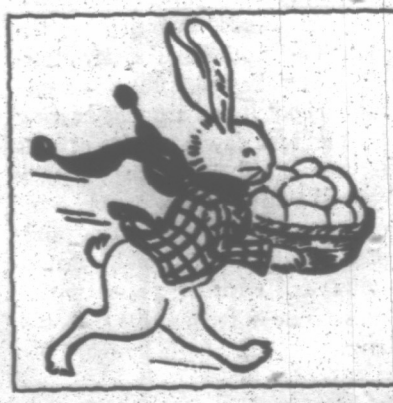

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